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FAUST AND GOETHE LITERATURE

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July 15. 1856.

My dear Madam:

I shall deem it an especial favor if you will honor me by accepting a copy of my recently published translation of Goethe's Faust, as a very slight and inexpressive token of the admiration in which I hold your late husband's noble work of a kindred nature.

With the expression of my most sincere respect,

I remain yours truly,

Frank Clauy.

Washington D. C.

1109 15th St. N. W.

~~1423 F19~~

Faust.

A TRAGEDY

by

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

The First Part.

Translated,

IN THE ORIGINAL METRES,

by

Frank Claudy.

*Wm. H. Morrison,
Law Bookseller and Publisher.*

Washington, D. C.

1886.

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FRANK CLAUDY,

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P R E F A C E .

I began the following translation of the First Part of GOETHE'S Faust some time before the publication of BAYARD TAYLOR'S masterly rendition of the poem, and before I had any knowledge of the fact that such a work was then in progress.

No thought of publication dwelt at that time in my mind. My life-long enjoyment of the beauties of the original, and the desire to render them accessible to the friends whom I have gathered around me in this my adopted country, by producing a translation at once more metrical and more literal than any then known to me, were the only motives that led to the beginning and urged the continuance of the present work.

I offer no excuses for an undertaking which, coming after Mr. TAYLOR'S, may seem superfluous; nor will I apologize for its many imperfections.

A strange fascination, experienced only by those who enter deeply into the study of GOETHE'S master-work, urged me onward even in the very midst of the discouragement caused by the appearance of Mr. TAYLOR'S version.

Far from intending to place my work on the same level, I offer it simply as a tribute to GOETHE'S genius, as an illustration of this fascination which would not allow me to relinquish my self-appointed task even after I had become partially convinced that its accomplishment was no longer a necessity as regarded the execution of my original purpose.

No notes are appended, although it has been the custom

of most translators to add such. So many profound scholars and commentators have explained every seemingly obscure passage of the poem, that it would be presumption, indeed, were I to attempt to add aught further on my own account.

Reluctantly, lingeringly, I now part with my work. It represents over fifteen years of faithful thought and study; and in sending it forth it is as if I bade farewell forever to a dear friend, the companion of many a happy hour.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, this is the first time that one of GOETHE'S own countrymen has attempted to translate "Faust" into the English language. May the American people kindly receive his rendition of the "greatest work of the greatest of German poets" !

F. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Winter 1885-'86.

AN GOETHE'S MUSE.

“Der Morgen kam!” Es scheuchten deine Schritte
Den Zauber, der das träumende Jahrhundert,
In nächt'ge Finsterniss gehüllt, umgab.
Die graue Feindin der Gedankenfreiheit,
Die arge Fee, die jeden Fortschritt mindert,
Der alles Thun des regen Menschengestes
Zuwider ist, hielt es in Schlafes Banden.
—Doch nun, zum Licht erwacht, den Aberglauben
Des Denkens abgestreift, verjüngt, die Adern
Mit neuer Kraft, mit frischem Blut geschwellt,
Erschafft es Ihn, den Herrlichen, den Meister.
Gepflegt von deinen Götterhänden, ragt Er
Zur Riesengrösse, einzig, unerreichtbar,
Von höh'rer Macht erkoren für Aeonen
Die höchste Macht hienieden auszuüben.

Du staunest deines eig'nen Werk's, und ruhest.

Vor deinem Throne, Göttin, knie' ich nieder:
O, leite du die ängstlich-schwachen Schritte
Auf jenen Pfad, den Er dereinst betreten!
Verhülle mir nicht deines Wesens Anmuth!
Send' einen Strahl nur deiner Glorie nieder,
Begeist're mich, dass ich mit klarem Sinne
In fremder, doch verwandter Sprache Wohl laut
Sein grösstes Lied mit Ehrfurcht übertrage,
Dass es, ein Abklanz jener ew'gen Worte
In mild'rem Licht erblühe dem Verständniss
Der Neuen Welt: Ein Zeugniss Seines Schaffens.

O, blicke gnädig auf mein ernstes Wollen,
Und fördere den Vorsatz zum Gelingen.

Faust.

DEDICATION.

Again ye float, weird forms, before my vision,
Which erst appeared unto my veiled eyes.
Shall I attempt to hold your dim tradition?
Still does my heart that fond delusion prize?
Ye crowd yet closer! Then fulfill your mission,
As 'round me ye from mists and shadows rise;
My breast is stirred, with youthful pulses bounding,
Thrilled by the magic breath your host surrounding.

Of happy days glad recollections bringing,
Loved shades arise with you and live again;
And, legend-like, to memory faintly clinging,
First Love draws near, and Friendship in his train;
The pain grows new, the plaint, in sadness ringing,
Life's mazy course recounts in pensive strain,
And names the Good who, by ill-fortune banished
From beauteous hours, long, long ago have vanished.

Dumb is to them my later inspiration,
Those souls to whom I sang my earlier lay;
Dispersed the friendly throng throughout creation,
Ah, the first echo e'en has died away!
My grief pleads to an unknown generation,
Their very plaudits my poor heart dismay:
And those whom once my song had cheered and gladdened,
If still they live, rove through the world now saddened.

And grasps me now a long-unwonted yearning
Toward yonder spirit-world, so grave, so still;
My whispering song, now fleeting, now returning,
Holds, like Æolian harp, its 'wilderer's thrill;
A shudder chills me, tears start hot and burning,
More tender, gentler thoughts the stern heart fill;
What I possess seems far away and distant,
What I have lost grows real and existent.

PRELUDE UPON THE STAGE.

MANAGER, DRAMATIC POET, MERRYMAN.

Manager.

You two, who oft have aided me
 In my distress and tribulation,
 Say, think you that our speculation
 In German lands will prosperous be?
 The crowd to please I always am quite ready,
 Especially since it lives and lets me live.
 The posts are set, the boards laid firm and steady,
 And all await the show that we shall give.
 E'en now their lifted brows have me admonished
 That they, sedately, hope to be astonished.
 I know well how the folk to interest,
 But things had never such perplexed appearance;
 True, they are not accustomed to the best,
 But they have read, with fearful perseverance.
 How shall we act, to make all fresh and new
 And full of meaning, yet delightful, too?
 For well I like to see the mass that rushes,
 As in a stream it crowds our booth to face,
 With mighty throes, and oft repeated, pushes
 And surges through the narrow gate of grace;
 At daylight still, ere "four" has sounded,
 The ticket box to reach each fights and strives;
 As bakers' doors for loaves in famine are surrounded
 So now, for tickets, they would risk their lives.
 Upon such various people works this wonder
 The Bard alone; to-day, friend, try it, yonder!

Dramatic Poet.

Oh, speak not of that motley crowd, still thronging,
 At whose approach the Muse flies far away!
 Hide from my gaze the scene, my vision wronging,
 Which drags us, helpless, in the whirl astray.

Nay, for that heavenly nook my soul is longing,
 Where, for the Bard, shines forth joy's purest ray,
 Where Love and Friendship, Godlike hands extending,
 Create within our hearts a bliss unending.

Ah, all our thoughts, from deepest bosom welling,
 Which lips have stammered forth in shy alarm,
 Now failing, now perhaps success compelling,
 Enfolds the Moment with its mighty arm.
 Oft, only after years of rest, excelling
 At last, revealéd stands their perfect charm.
 The Glittering but for moments brief remaineth,
 The True alone posterity retaineth.

Merryman.

Posterity ! Do not the subject mention !
 If to posterity I'd pay attention,
 Who for *this* race would fun create ?
 For that they will have, never ceasing.
 The presence of a fine lad, too, is pleasing
 Methinks, and well to contemplate.
 He who his thoughts can genially impart,
 Will never fret 'gainst peoples' whims and fashions ;
 A wider sphere he seeks, his art
 Is surer thus to sway their passions.
 Therefore be brave, exemplary your way ;
 Let Fancy come, by all her train surrounded,
 Sense, Reason, Sentiment, Passion have full sway,
 But, mark you, Folly too must be unbounded !

Manager.

Chiefly, however, must there action be !
 One comes to look, one mostly likes to see.
 If deeds are spun before their eyes, soul-stirring,
 So that the crowd, astounded, looketh on,
 Then have you gained their good will, none demurring,
 You are beloved by every one.
 The mass is best subdued with heaping measure ;
 Each one at last selects his favorite bit.
 Who offers much, brings unto all a treasure,

And each departs made happy by your wit.
 Play you a piece, in pieces separate it !
 Such a ragout, they'll highly rate it ;
 It is not hard to serve, is easy to invent.
 What use that you a whole intact present ?
 The Public pluck to pieces and berate it.

Dramatic Poet.

You cannot feel how mean, how wretched such a trade,
 How ill this suits the artist's real mission.
 To hold the mess those bunglers made
 As Maxim, is, I fear me, your ambition.

Manager.

Such a reproach does not at all offend ;
 He who his work good speed would lend,
 Must choose for it the tools most fitting.
 Bethink you that you have soft wood for splitting,
 And only look for whom you write !
 While one comes bored, another wight
 Hastes satiate from the banquet's sensual pleasure,
 Another, his the saddest plight,
 Who reads the daily papers at his leisure.
 All hurry thoughtlessly, as to a masquerading,
 Curiosity alone their steps doth start ;
 The ladies treat, their toilets and themselves parading,
 And without pay, each acts her part.
 What dream you, on your artist elevation ?
 What makes a full house glad, all told ?
 Your patrons view from closer station,
 Half are they coarse, half are they cold ;
 One, after the performance, seeks the cards,
 Another a wild night with a lewd wench amuses.
 Why vex then, poor and foolish bards,
 For such an end the gracious Muses ?
 I tell you, give but more, more always ; this we need,
 And then your goal lies e'er before you plainly ;
 Seek to confound your people mainly,
 To please them is a task indeed——
 What ails you now ? Ecstatic bliss, or anguish ?

Dramatic Poet.

Go, thou, and seek another slave to find !
 What? Shall the bard forfeit his right, his mind,
 The Human Right which nature gave his soul,
 For thy sake, in sheer wantonness, and languish?
 How doth he every bosom vanquish?
 How every element hold in control?
 Is it not Harmony, that from the bosom flows,
 And to his heart leads back Earth's joys and woes?
 When nature the eternal thread, now winding,
 Now turning, idly on its spindle throws,
 When all creation, in discordance blinding
 'Mong fretful strains its chaos shows,
 Who so divides the equal order ever,
 Life-giving, that it throbs in rhythmic forms?
 Who calls to common sanction every true endeavor
 Where it in grandest chords the spirit warms?
 Who bids the tempest rage to wildest passion?
 In earnest souls the evening glow arise?
 Who strews the flowers of spring in tender fashion
 On paths where the beloved one hies?
 Who wreathes unmeaning leaves in crowns, descending
 On honored brows, each merit to reward?
 Who holds Olympus? Gods in union blending?
 Man's power alone, revealéd in the Bard !

Merryman.

Then task you now those powers enthralling,
 Engaging in your poet-calling
 As one a love-adventure oft pursues !
 By chance one meets, one feels, one stops to muse,
 And step by step becomes entangled ;
 The bliss increases, then the chords are jangled,
 Now all is rapture, then comes dark despair,
 And lo ! a full romance, before one is aware.
 Let's give a play of like consistence !
 Reach only forth into man's full existence !
 'T is livéd by each, though understood by few,
 And where you touch, of interest and new.

In motley scenes light faintly gleaming,
 Through fraud a spark of truth now beaming,
 The finest potion thus we brew,
 By which the world's refreshed and formed anew.
 Then comes youth's fairest flower and charm, collecting
 Before your play, and lists the revelation,
 Then every tender mind draws near, selecting
 Its melancholy food from your creation,
 Then this and that emotion will be stirred,
 That which within his heart each one has heard.
 They're moved alike to smiles and tears in moods impassioned,
 They honor still your flight, illusion's gleam adore ;
 'T is hard to please a mind matured and fashioned,
 One growing yet is grateful evermore.

Dramatic Poet.

Then give me back the times, long vanished,
 When I myself was yet unformed,
 When thronging melodies, now banished,
 In ceaseless springs the bosom warmed,
 When mists the world veiled from my vision,
 The bud gave hope of wonders rare,
 When gathered I the flowerets fair,
 That richly filled those vales Elysian.
 I had enough, yet ownéd naught :
 The thirst for truth, the bliss illusion brought.
 Give back unchanged the heart's emotion,
 The solemn joy akin to pain,
 The power of hate, love's pure devotion,
 Oh, give me back my youth again!

Merryman.

Of youth, perhaps, thou'lt stand in need, my worthy friend,
 When enemies in battle press thee,
 When from thy neck fair arms depend
 Wherewith bewitching girls caress thee,
 When garlands far beyond the strife
 To hard-won goal thy steps are beckoning,
 When circling dance, with pleasure rife
 And night carousal, ends the reckoning :

But the familiar lyre with grace
 And strength to play, sweet strains evolving,
 And in a self-appointed race
 All tender errors gently solving,
 There, agéd Sirs, your duty lies,
 And not the less does our respect then bind us.
 For age doth not seem childish in our eyes,
 But ever genuine children doth it find us.

Manager.

You've bandied words enough at present,
 Let me perceive your deeds begun!
 While compliments you turn so pleasant,
 Some useful work might well be done.
 What need to speak of Mood, thus, 'prating?
 'T will ne'er appear while you delay.
 If you are poets, by your rating,
 Then bid the Muse your call obey!
 Full well you know what we require—
 Strong drinks to sip is our desire;
 Come, brew the mixture now, full soon!
 What is not done to-day, next morn will not call done,
 And lose no day in hesitation;
 Resolve the Possible should seize
 By forelock with determination,
 It cannot gain its liberation,
 And, since it must, works on with ease.
 You know our German boards permit it
 That each one try whate'er he may;
 To-day, then, spare not for our play
 Machines or scenes that will best fit it.
 Use you the great and lesser heavenly light,
 The stars dispose of at your pleasure,
 Of water, fire, without much measure,
 Of rocks, birds, beasts, grant us a sight.
 Thus pace, within this narrow boarded sphere,
 Creation's circle far and near,
 And, led by thoughtful fancy's spell,
 Speed you from Heaven, through Earth, to Hell!

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD ; THE HEAVENLY HOST ; LATER MEPHIS-
TOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.

Raphael.

The sun, in ancient manner chiming
With brother spheres in rival song,
Rolls, his predestined journey climbing,
With thunder-tread his path along.
This sight to angels power lendeth,
Though none may ken his mystic way,
The lofty work in beauty blendeth
Unfathomed, as on earliest day.

Gabriel.

And swift and swift, past all divining,
The splendor of the Earth is whirled,
Anon in Eden-brightness shining,
Again in night chaotic hurled ;
The ocean in broad streams foams, boiling
Around the rocks' deep-founded base,
And rock and sea are onward toiling
In swift, eternal, spheric race.

Michael.

And tempests surge in emulation
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And forge, in furious agitation,
A chain of deepest energy.
There flames a flashing desolation
Before the thunder's crashing way,
But, Lord, in silent adoration
Thy servants praise Thy gentle Day.

The Three Together.

The sight to angels power lendeth,
Since none may ken Thy mystic Way,
And all Thy grand creation blendeth
In beauty, as on Earliest Day.

Mephistopheles.

Since Thou, oh Lord, draw'st near to us once more,
 And ask'st how all things are with us progressing,
 And as my face didst like to see of yore,
 So, 'midst Thy servants, seest Thou me in passing.
 Forgive, I cannot form my speech demurely,
 Should even all this circle look with scorn ;
 My pathos would to laughter move Thee, surely,
 Hadst Thou not long ago all mirth forsworn.
 In suns and worlds there's naught for my commenting,
 I only notice men themselves tormenting.
 The world's small god fore'er is of the self-same kind,
 And, as on earliest day, of odd, capricious mind.
 His life would be more worth the living,
 But for that little gleam of heavenly light, Thy giving ;
 He calls it Reason, but pollutes
 Its use by being beastlier than the brutes :
 He seems to me, Your Kindly Grace permitting,
 Like a cicada, long-legged, jumping, flitting,
 Which always flies, and flying bounds,
 Yet mainly in the grass its ditty sounds ;
 If only he would stay there and be merry !
 In every dung his nose he needs must bury.

The Lord.

Hast thou no new communication ?
 Com'st always with denunciation ?
 Naught that will suit thee doth the earth possess ?

Mephistopheles.

No, Lord ! I find there now, as always, great distress.
 My pity for men's woes grows daily deeper, stronger,
 I may not even tease the wretches longer.

The Lord.

Know'st Faust ?

Mephistopheles.

The Doctor Faust ?

The Lord.

My servant, yes !

Mephistopheles.

Forsooth ! His service then is most erratic.
 No earthly food and drink suits this fanatic ;
 Far drives him ceaseless aspiration :
 He is half conscious of his wild unrest ;
 Of Heav'n he asks the fairest constellation,
 And all the highest joys at earth's behest ;
 The Near and Far of all creation
 Contenteth not the wildly surging breast.

The Lord.

E'en if confused he now in homage bends,
 Soon into clearness will I gently lead him.
 The gardener knows, when spring its verdure lends,
 That flowers and fruits the future hath decreed him.

Mephistopheles.

What bet you ? To perdition will I speed him,
 If you will grant me my desire
 Along my road to smoothly lead him ?

The Lord.

While earthly thoughts his deeds inspire,
 So long I give thee my permission.
 Men err as long as they aspire !

Mephistopheles.

I thank you ; I've no disposition
 To have with dead folks any dealings.
 The full, fresh cheeks of youth far better suit my feelings.
 I'm not at home to corpses any day,
 As cat with mouse, I like a living prey.

The Lord.

Enough ! 'Tis left to thy discretion !
 Draw off this spirit from his being's source,
 And, canst thou gain of him possession,
 Lead him with thee thy downward course,
 But stand ashamed, if forcéd to declare :
 A good man, in his darkest aspiration,
 Is of the right path always well aware.

Mephistopheles.

Ah well! 'T will be of short duration!
 I do not view my bet with consternation.
 And when my aims reach consummation,
 Then, by Your leave, I'll have my triumph's share.
 Dust shall he eat, and like such fare,
 As did the noted serpent, my relation.

The Lord.

Do as thou wilt! Though thou 'st defied Me,
 Thy kind in Me did never hate inspire;
 Of all the spirits who denied Me,
 The rogue's the one of whom I least do tire.
 In man's activity a wish for comfort lurketh,
 Uninterrupted ease he learns to crave,
 And therefore gladly give I him the knave
 Who spurs, excites, and, as a devil, worketh.
 —But ye, true sons of the Eternal,
 Rejoice in beauty ever rich, supernal!
 Let the Creative Quickening Power Divine
 Surround ye with sweet bonds of love, alluring,
 And what in wavering vision floats, enshrine
 Within your thoughts, immutable, enduring!

(*The Heaven closes, the Archangels separate.*)

Mephistopheles, (alone.)

At times I like the Ancient One to see,
 And try not to dispute with Him, or cavil.
 'Tis kind of such a Mighty Lord as He
 To treat thus humanly the very devil.



THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY.

NIGHT.

(*In a lofty, arched, narrow, Gothic chamber, FAUST, restless in his armchair at the desk.*)

Faust.

I've studied now Philosophy,
 And Jurisprudence; Medicine,
 And e'en, alas! Theology;
 Pursued them all, with ardor keen!
 And here, poor fool, I stand at last,
 No wiser now than in the past:
 Am *Doctor* called, yea, *Magister* am I.
 And nearly ten years have passed by
 Since, up and down, with zigzag tread
 I've by the nose my scholars led—
 And see how vain is all our learning!
 This in my heart like fire is burning.
 'Tis true, I am wiser than those foppish creatures,
 Doctors and Magisters, Writers and Preachers;
 Scruples or Doubts no more distress me,
 Nor Hell nor Devil can ever oppress me—
 But then, no joy in my bosom is glowing,
 I do not assume to know aught worth knowing,
 I do not assume by my own exertion
 To better mankind, or cause their conversion.
 Nor own I either goods or gold,
 Nor worldly pomp nor glory hold.
 No dog such life would longer fancy!
 Hence have I turned to Necromancy,
 That I, by spirit-aid and speech
 Full many a mystery might reach,
 That I, with bitter sweat, no more
 Need prate and talk of unknown lore,
 That I the secret can explore

Which holds the world's most inward core,
 Learn what its germ, its power teaches,
 Nor longer deal in empty speeches.

Oh, full-orbed moon! Would'st shed thy glow
 The last time here upon my woe,
 Thou, for whose gentle midnight beam
 I at my desk oft watched: Thy gleam
 On books and scroll fell tenderly,
 When, wistful friend, thou cam'st to me!
 Ah, could I upon mountain-height
 Rejoice for aye in thy dear light,
 Round mountain-caverns with spirits hieing,
 O'er meadows fair in thy twilight flying,
 And, freed from mists of erudition,
 Bath'd in thy dew, find life's fruition!

Woe! Am I still in prison bound?
 Accurséd hole, damp, walled around,
 Where even the dear, heavenly light
 Through painted panes greets dull the sight;
 Shut in by heaps of books, each tome
 Worm-eaten, dust defiled, and old,
 And, stretching to the vaulted dome,
 With smoky paper girt, and mold;
 With glasses, boxes here and there,
 With instruments ranged round about,
 And ancient chattels peeping out—
 Such is thy world! A precious world to share!

And askest thou, wherefore thy heart
 Flutters within in anxious strife,
 Why such inexplicable smart
 Clogs every impulse of thy life?
 Instead of living nature's bloom
 Which God to man gave as his own,
 Surrounds thee smoke, corruption's gloom,
 The bones of brutes, and skeleton.

Arise! Fly! Into the wide land!
 And this book, full of mystery,
 Direct from Nostradamus' hand,
 Is 't not sufficient guide for thee?
 The planets' course wilt then discern,
 And when thou'rt led by nature's hand
 Shall dawn within thee power to learn
 How spirits spirits understand.
 In vain, that this dry brooding here
 Expounds the sacred signs to thee:
 Ye hover, spirits, 'round me, near,
 Give answer, if ye list to me!

*(He opens the book and perceives
 the sign of Macrocosm.)*

Ha! As I gaze, what ecstasy doth steal
 O'er all my senses, each in rapture steeping!
 A youthful, hallowed, living joy I feel
 Fresh glowing through my veins and pulses sweeping!
 Was it a God, who wrote this mystic sign,
 Which soothes the inward agitation,
 Which thrills with joy each heart-vibration,
 And, with mysterious sway, benign,
 Unveils around me all the wonders of Creation?
 Am I a God? All grows so clear!
 In these pure lines, to me unsealed,
 Great Nature, working in my presence, is revealed.
 Now only I conceive what means the Seer:

“The world of spirits is not fastened;
 Thy sense is barred, thy heart is dead!
 Up, scholar, bathe with ardor chastened,
 The earthly breast in Morning Red!”

(He contemplates the sign.)

How to a Whole each part entwists!
 Each in the other works, exists!
 How heavenly powers now up, now down are massing,
 Each other golden vessels passing!
 On fragrant pinions they, bliss-sending,
 From Heaven to Earth their way are wending,
 In harmony through the All extending!

Ah, what a sight! Yet—it is but a sight!
 Where can I grasp thee, Nature infinite?
 Ye bosoms, where? Ye springs of life's foundation,
 Upon which Heaven and Earth depend,
 Whereto the withered breast doth tend—
 Ye spring, ye nurse, and I am near starvation?

*(He turns the pages indignantly, and perceives
 the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.)*

How differently affects my soul *this* sign!
 Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer;
 Already grows my vision clearer,
 Already glow I as with wine.
 To dare the world I feel a strength unfailing,
 To bear the joys and woes on earth prevailing,
 To strive with storms my path assailing,
 And stand 'mid shipwreck's crash with heart unquailing.
 Clouds gather over me—
 The moon conceals her light—
 The lamp's extinguished!
 Mists rise!—Bright, ruddy rays are darting
 Around my head—There floats
 A shudder downward from the vault
 And seizes me!
 Spirit invoked! I feel thee hovering 'round!
 Reveal thyself!
 Ha, in my heart what fierce rebound!
 Toward new sensation
 All senses struggle in agitation!
 Completely has my heart to thee surrendered!
 Thou must! Thou must! E'en should my life be tendered!
*(He grasps the book, and mysteriously pronounces
 the sign of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes
 up; the Spirit appears in the flame.)*

Spirit.

Who calls me?

Faust.

(Turning his face away.)
 Apparition drear!

Spirit.

With mighty traction thou 'st impelled me,
Thy suction from my sphere compelled me,
And now——

Faust.

Woe! Thee I cannot bear!

Spirit.

Thou breathest a panting supplication
To listen to my voice, my countenance to see;
Thy soul's entreaty moveth me:
Here am I!—What weak trepidation
Thee, Superhuman, grasps? Where is the soul's proud aim?
Where is the breast that in itself a world did frame,
And held and cherished; which, with rapture tingling,
Thought to expand, with us, the spirits, mingling?
Where art thou, Faust, whose voice to me did peal,
Who to me pressed with all his power and zeal?
Art *thou* he who thus, by my presence haunted,
In all the depths of life is daunted,
A frightened, writhing, cringing worm?

Faust.

I yield to thee, thou flaming image?
'Tis I, 't is Faust, of kindred lineage!

Spirit.

In the tide of life, in action's storm,
Up and down I wave,
Weaving to and fro!
Birth and the Grave,
An eternal flow
A web e'er turning,
A life all burning—
Thus work I the swift whirling loom of old Time,
And fashion the Deity's garment sublime!

Faust.

Thou, who the world to range inclin'st,
Thou active Spirit, how near I feel to thee!

Spirit.

Thou 'rt like the spirit thou divin'st,
Not me!

(*Disappears.*)

Not thee? *Faust, (breaking down.)*

Whom then?

I, likeness of the Godhead!

And not e'en like thee!

(A knock.)

Oh death! I know—this is my famulus—

My dearest happiness now has vanished!

My visions, in their fullness banished,

The prosy sneak disturbs them thus!

(Enter Wagner, in dressing gown and night cap, with a lamp in his hand. Faust turns fretfully.)

Wagner.

Forgive! I heard you just declaiming;

You surely read aloud an old Greek play?

To profit by this art I'm always aiming,

For much it counts the present day.

I've often heard it said, a player

Could teach a priest how he should read his prayer.

Faust.

Yes, when the priest a player is already,

As this from time to time may chance to be.

Wagner.

Alas, if one is banished to his study,

And scarce on holidays the world may see,

Scarce through a glass, from distant station,

How can one think to guide it by persuasion?

Faust.

What is not felt, cannot be gained thro' seeking,

Save from your soul the charm begins

And, with all-powerful relish speaking,

The heart of every hearer wins.

Sit at it always! Glueing, pasting,

From feasts of others make a stew,

And from your heap of ashes, wasting,

The wretched flames in vain renew!

Of children, apes, the admiration,

If *that* your palate craves and seeks,

You'll draw not heart to heart, save inspiration
From out your own heart breathes and speaks.

Wagner.

Delivery only doth success impart
To speakers; well I know I lack the art.

Faust.

Seek you the honest recompense!
Be not a fool of tinkling sound!
For reason and good, common sense
With little art themselves propound;
And if thou'st aught to say in earnest,
Why to vain search for words returnest?
Yea, all your speeches, that with glitter please,
In which for men but paper-shreds you're curling,
Are unrefreshing as the foggy breeze
Which, in the autumn, sets the dry leaves whirling.

Wagner.

Ah, God! So long is art,
And life so quickly speeding.
How often, while my critic-studies heeding,
Have I not feared for head and heart.
How hard to gain the means, which scholars cherish,
By which the sources one attains!
And ere one yet one-half the journey gains,
Must a poor devil often perish.

Faust.

Is parchment, then, the sacred fount of learning,
A drink from which forever slakes the thirst?
Vain, for refreshment, is thy yearning,
If from thy very soul it springs not first.

Wagner.

Forgive! It is a noble pleasure
The spirit of the ages thus to measure,
To see, how long before us some wise man has thought,
And to what glorious end his life-work we have brought.

Faust.

Oh yes! Up to the stars on high!
 My friend, the ages now so long gone by
 A volume are with seven seals protected.
 What "Spirit of the Age" you call,
 Is really your own spirit, after all,
 In which the ages are reflected.
 The subject is most uninviting!
 One needs but look, and frightened runs away.
 A dust bin, lumber hole disgust exciting,
 And at the best, a silly puppet-play,
 With maxims sage, and axioms pedantic,
 Such as sound well in mouth of puppet's antic!

Wagner.

But then, the world! Man's heart and brain, in fine!
 We long to know of them, though e'er so slightly.

Faust.

Yes, knowledge, or what we define
 As such! Who dares to name the infant rightly?
 The few who knew aught of it, good and sage,
 Whose hearts disdained, unwisely, all concealing,
 And to the mob revealed their insight and each feeling,
 Were crucified and burned in every age.—
 The night is far advanced; I beg you, friend,
 Our meeting now must be adjourned.

Wagner.

Most gladly would I through the night attend,
 And thus prolong our conversation learned.
 But on the morrow, first of Easter-season,
 By favor on some theme I'll reason!
 My studies I've pursued with zeal and ardor glowing;
 True, I know much, but would know all worth knowing.

Faust, (alone.) *(Exit.)*

How hope still lingers in that brain benighted,
 Which always doth in stupid trash delight,
 For treasures digs with greedy might,
 And, finding earthworms, thinks his toil required.

And may such human voice here dare to breathe,
 Where spirit-fullness held its sway, bewildering?
 But ah, for this once I bequeath
 To thee my thanks, thou poorest of Earth's children.
 Thou 'st wrested me from that despairing state,
 To fell destruction every sense decreeing.
 Alas, the vision was so giant-great,
 That to a dwarf I shrunk in all my being.

I, likeness of the Godhead, who did rise
 So near, in fancy, unto truth eternal,
 Whose being soared to clearness all supernal,
 Divested of this earthly guise;
 I, more than Cherub, whose free power did scheme
 Through nature's veins in bold imagination
 To flow;—creating, joyed in God-like station,
 How shall I now endure my expiation!
 A thunderword has shattered every dream.

With thee I dare not venture to compare me!
 Though I possessed the power to draw thee near me,
 To hold thee fast I lacked the power supreme.
 In that blessed hour of joyful vision,
 I felt so great, and yet so small;
 Thou 'st thrust me back with cold derision
 Into the doubtful lot of all.
 What must I shun? Who 'll be my teacher?
 Shall I obey that impulse past?
 Alas! The acts like to the woes of every creature,
 Will clog his life unto the last.

Unto the Noblest, which the Mind doth master,
 A foreign substance close and closer cleaves;
 When this world's Good we've gained, all that is vaster
 And better, man a cheat believes.
 Those glorious feelings, to the soul life giving,
 Grow torpid 'midst the tumult of our living.

Though Phantasy erewhile in daring flight
 And hopeful, to the infinite expanded,
 Yet now she is content with lesser height,
 Since time's mad whirl has every fortune stranded.
 Within the heart care builds her nest, intruding,
 And over secret pains there brooding
 She rocks uneasily, disturbing joy and rest ;
 She hides her face, with new masks ever drest,
 As house or home, as wife or child thy life assailing,
 As fire, flood, poison, steel appears ;
 Though nothing strikes, it wakes thy fears,
 And what thou 'st never lost, thou art fore'er bewailing.

I am not like the Gods ! Too deep I feel this thrust ;
 I 'm like the worm, that grovels in the dust,
 Which, as it seeks for food the earthy bed,
 Is crushed and buried 'neath the wanderer's tread.

Is it not dust, all dust ? This lofty wall,
 These hundred shelves, so narrow seeming,
 This trumpery, these thousand trifles, all
 That cramps me in this moth-world, dreaming ?
 And shall I find help here alone ?
 Shall read perhaps, a thousand books o'erturning,
 That to self-torture man is ever prone,
 With here and there a happy one sojourning ?—
 What sombre tale dost grin me, hollow skull,
 Save that thy brain, like mine, in false delusion
 The joyous day once sought, and in the twilight dull,
 Yearning for truth, sank sadly in confusion ?
 Ye instruments, forsooth, ye scoff at me,
 With cogs and rollers, wheels and catches ;
 I reached the gate, ye were to be the key ;
 Though deftly wrought your wards, ye cannot lift the latches.
 Mysterious even at bright noon,
 The veil from nature's face thou canst not sever,
 And what she will not grant a voluntary boon,
 Thou canst not force from her with either screw or lever.
 Ye time-worn implements, by me untouched,

Because my father's, ye stand here unsightly,
 Thou, ancient roll, thou still wilt be besmirched,
 As long as at this desk the smoky lamp wanes nightly.
 Much better had I done to waste my little store,
 Than burdened with it here to sweat in weary spirit !
 What you obtained from sires gone before,
 Earn first, then own what you inherit.
 What is not used, weighs on us more and more ;
 That which the hour creates alone has real merit.

But why returns my gaze to yonder spot with yearning ?
 Is yonder little vial a magnet for my sight ?
 Whence comes this lovely clearness, gently burning,
 Like silver moonrays lighting gruesome woods at night ?

I greet thee, vial, matchless in creation,
 Which I take down with fondest adoration ;
 In thee I honor human wit and art.
 Thou essence of all gentle slumber-potions,
 Thou extract of the finest, deadliest lotions,
 Thy favor to thy master now impart.
 I gaze on thee, all pain finds mitigation,
 I grasp thee, lessened is each aspiration,
 The spirit's flood-tide slowly ebbs away.
 On, to the open ocean speed I lightly,
 The glassy flood before my feet gleams brightly,
 To newborn shores lures me a newborn day.

A fiery chariot borne on easy pinions
 Floats near to me ! I long to soar on high
 By untrod' roads through ether's vast dominions,
 To newer spheres of pure activity.
 This lofty life, this ecstasy supernal,—
 Canst thou deserve such bliss, thou, erst a worm ?
 Yes, on that sun of earth which shines eternal,
 Turn thou thy back with purpose firm !
 Dare thou to open wide the awful portals,
 Which every coward soul steals gladly by !
 Now is the time by deeds to show to mortals,

That manhood's dignity well with the Gods may vie,
 Not to shrink back before that Stygian hollow,
 In which wild fancy feels her self-created woe,
 That tortuous strait to seek and follow,
 Around whose narrow mouth hell's flames forever blow,
 To venture on this step with gladsome spirit,
 E'en though the soul thereby should Nothingness inherit.

And now, thou cup, of purest crystal moulded,
 Come from thy case that held thee long enfolded,
 Of which I have not thought for many a year!
 Thy lustre shone of yore at jovial meeting,
 To sombre guests thou gavest greeting,
 As one unto the other brought thy cheer.
 The artful pictures which on thee appear,
 The drinker's task in rhymes their drift to follow,
 And in one draught to drain the sparkling hollow,
 Call up full many a youthful night's career.
 I shall not hand thee now to any neighbor,
 Nor show my wit upon thy figures' skillful labor;
 A juice which quickly overcomes is here.
 With brownish flood it pours, thy hollow filling.
 Which I prepared, which I chose willing,
 This final drink, the soul with rapture thrilling,
 As lofty festal pledge unto the Morn I bear.

(He raises the cup to his lips.)

(Chimes and Choral song.)

Chorus of the Angels.

Christ is arisen!
 Joy to Him, Gracious,
 Whom the tenacious,
 Creeping, rapacious
 Sins held in prison.

Faust.

What low-toned humming, what a limpid sound
 Draws from my lips the glass, its course arresting?
 Chime ye already, bells, with glad rebound,
 The Easter-festival's first hour attesting?

Ye choirs, proclaim ye now the cheering, friendly song,
Which once around the Tomb rang from the angel-throng,
A new-pledged covenant manifesting?

Chorus of the Women.

With ointment, and clearest
Balm, we arrayed Him ;
Faithful and nearest,
We tenderly laid Him ;
Linen and cerement
Wrapped we around Him,
Ah, to the tomb we went,
No more we found Him.

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is ascended !
Blessed He, and glorious,
For whom, victorious,
All the laborious
Trials are ended !

Faust.

Why seek me, mighty, yet so mild,
Ye heavenly sounds, in dust here panting ?
Ring yon, soft souls among, by ye beguiled !
The message hear I, true, but ah ! the faith is wanting ;
The miracle is Faith's most darling child.
The thought of yonder spheres doth now appall me,
Whence rings the tidings' gracious truth ;
And yet, accustomed to this strain from earliest youth,
Back unto life e'en now it doth recall me.
Once, heavenly love descended like a kiss
Upon me, Sabbath-stillness 'round me stealing ;
With mystic longing fraught the chimes rang, sweetly pealing,
And oh, a prayer was holy, fervent bliss ;
An inconceivably sweet yearning
Drove me through wood and meadows, to and fro,
And under thousand tears, hot, burning,
I felt a world within me grow.
This song announced to youth gay sports and recreations,

The newborn Spring's free, joyous creed ;
 Remembrance holds me now, with all a child's sensations,
 Back from the last, the solemn deed.
 Oh, sound ye on, ye sweetest songs elysian !
 The tears start forth, earth bounds again my vision !

Chorus of the Disciples.

Has He, entombed by men
 On high ascended,
 Glory assumed again,
 All sorrows ended ;
 Is He, in joy of birth
 Near to creative bliss,
 Ah, midst alloy of earth
 Struggles what native is.
 He left us, yearning,
 Longing for Him in vain ;
 Ah, we weep, mourning,
 Master, Thy gain !

Chorus of the Angels.

Christ is arisen
 Out of the womb of death !
 Burst ye from prison,
 To joy give breath !
 Whoso revereth Him,
 Lovingly feareth Him,
 Nourishing, cheereth Him,
 Preaching, endeareth Him,
 Through His grace neareth Him,
 Him is the Master near,
 Yea—He is here !

BEFORE THE CITY-GATE.

Pedestrians of all kinds come forth.

Several journeymen.

Why go you yonder way ?

Others.

On, to the Hunter's Lodge we'll stray.

The first ones.

The Mill to visit is our disposition.

A journeyman.

I'd counsel to the Water-Farm to go.

A second.

Not pleasant is that roadway—no.

The others.

And what dost thou ?

A third.

I follow their decision.

A fourth.

Come up to Burgdorf then! For there you'll surely find
The prettiest maids, and beer best of its kind,
And jollier brawls you can have nowhere.

A fifth.

A lusty fellow thou, I trow!
Itches thy hide for another blow?
The place gives me the horrors ; I'll not go there.

Servant girl.

No, no, I shall go back to town once more.

Another one.

We'll find him certainly beneath the poplars yonder.

The first.

That holds for me no joy in store ;
At thy side he prefers to wander,
With none he dances but with thee :
What can thy pleasures be to me!

The other.

He may not come alone ; he said
That his companion would be "Curly-head."

Student.

Gad, how the buxom wenches foot it!
Come brother! We must join them ; don't dispute it.
Strong beer, tobacco that will bite and smart,
And servant girls dressed up, that's after my own heart.

Citizen's daughter.

Look at those handsome fellows, do now!
Truly, it is a crying shame ;
They might have company the best, if they but knew now,
And running after such low game!

Second student, (to the first.)

Don't hurry so! Behind there come two more ;
They're neatly dressed in modest manner,
My neighbor's one of them, next door ;
My whole heart I have set upon her.
They walk along their quiet way,
And may accept our escort on this day.

The first.

No, brother, no! I fancy not stiff ways.
Quick, or we lose our game, the crowd so presses!
The hand which wields the broom on Saturdays,
Knows best, on Sundays, to bestow caresses.

Citizen.

Nay, nay, I like him not, this new-made burgomaster!
Since he's installed, he grows bold fast and faster.
And for the town, what does he do?
Grows it not worse by his endeavor?
One must obey now more than ever,
And pay much more than is our due.

Beggar. (Sings.)

Good sirs, and ladies fair and tender,
In fine array, with cheeks aglow,

An' may it please you aid to render,
 To look at me and help my woe!
 Let me not vainly stand here jesting!
 Who gladly gives, alone is gay,
 A day when all the folks are resting,
 Shall be for me a harvest day.

Another citizen.

On Sundays, holidays, no better recreation,
 Than talking about war, and war-like fray,
 When yon, in Turkey, far away,
 One nation fights another nation.
 One at the window stands, with glass in hand,
 And sees the motley ships the river downward gliding ;
 At eve goes home contented, and
 Lauds peace, and peaceful times abiding.

Third citizen.

Sir Neighbor, yes, that's my opinion too:
 Let them crack skulls, extermination
 And revolution may ensue ;
 But here, at home—no innovation!

Old woman.

(*To the citizen-daughters.*)

Law me! What style! The young and handsome blood!
 Who would not love such airs and graces?
 Do n't be so proud! All well and good!
 And where to get your wish, I'll tell you to your faces.

Citizen's daughter.

Come, Agatha! I would not dare be seen
 With such a witch to walk the city over;
 True, once, 't was on Saint Andrew's night I mean,
 She showed to me my future lover.

The other.

She showed me mine in crystal, fair
 And soldier-like, with other bold ones 'round him ;
 I look about, I seek him everywhere,
 But hitherto I have not found him.

Soldiers.

Castles with lofty
 Stronghold and tower,
 Damsels disdainful,
 Knowing their power,
 Were they my dower!
 Bold is the venture,
 Splendid the pay!

List' the loud bugle's
 Calling and wooing,
 As to gay pleasure,
 So to undoing.
 That is a storming!
 That is a life!
 Damsels and castles
 Fall in the strife.
 Bold is the venture,
 Splendid the pay!
 And the soldiers go marching,
 Marching away.

*Faust and Wagner.**Faust.*

River and brooklets once more are gliding,
 Freed from ice by spring's quickening kiss;
 The valley bloometh with promise of bliss;
 Weary old winter, his weakness hiding,
 Withdraws to mountain-glen and abyss.
 From thence he sends, with blast yet keen,
 Impotent showers of sleet and hail, flying
 In streaks over garden and meadow green.
 But the sun likes not the white there lying,
 Everywhere works he culture, formation,
 He'd clothe in colors the whole creation;
 But the flowers have not yet spread,
 So he takes the dressed-up people instead.
 —Turn thee around, from this height gazing
 Toward the city: a sight amazing!

Out from the hollow, gloomy gate
 The motley crowds throng in numbers great.
 Each one basks in the sun's warm ray.
 They celebrate the Lord's Resurrection to-day,
 For they, themselves, have to glory risen ;
 From the sultry rooms of each lowly dwelling,
 From the bonds of trade which held them in prison,
 From the gables and garrets, life quelling,
 From the streets, contracted and crushing,
 From the churches' venerable night,
 All of them have been brought to light.
 See, how quickly the crowds are rushing,
 Spreading o'er garden and field and park,
 How the stream, in the sunlight blushing,
 Carries full many a merry bark,
 And, nigh to sinking, over-weighted,
 This last boat slowly moves away.
 The far off hill-paths e'en are freighted
 With varied colors of dresses gay.
 The village noise I hear now clearly,
 Here is the people's heaven, really ;
 Great, small, contented shout their glee :
 Here am I man, dare it to be.

Wagner.

To stroll with you, Sir Doctor, talking,
 Is honorable, and is gain ;
 But I would not be found, alone, here walking,
 Since I hold all that 's vulgar in disdain.
 Their fiddling, bowling, noisy revels,
 Are sounds for which I hate yon throng ;
 They rave as if possessed by thousand devils,
 And call it pleasure, call it song.

Villagers, (beneath the linden tree.)

Dance and Song.

The shepherd dressed for holiday
 In jacket, wreath and ribbons gay,
 Care on his dress bestowing.

Each one around the linden pressed,
 And all did dance, as if possessed,
 Hurrah, Hurrah !
 Hurrah ! La, La, Hurrah !
 The fiddle-bow was going.

He crowded through the shouting mass,
 There bounced against a pretty lass
 Her laughingly elbowing.
 The buxom maiden turned around:
 "What foolish trick is this?" she frowned,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! La, La, Hurrah!
 "Don't be so very knowing!"

But quickly 'round in circling flight,
 They danced to left, they danced to right,
 And all the skirts were flowing.
 They blushed and panted and grew warm,
 And tired, rested arm in arm,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! La, La, Hurrah!
 With hips to elbows growing.

Don't be so much by passion ruled!
 How many a one his bride has fooled
 Bestowing false words, glowing!
 And still he coaxed the maid aside,
 And from the linden sounded, wide:
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! La, La, Hurrah!
 'Mid shouts, the fiddles going.

Old villager.

Sir Doctor, this is good of you,
 That you avoid us not to-day,
 And that this populous crowd among
 You, such a learned scholar, stray.
 Then take you now the prettiest jug,
 Which we with fresh, cool wine have filled.

I drink to you, and give the toast,
That not alone your thirst be stilled:
The number of its drops I'd fain
See added to your days as gain!

Faust.

I take the cup's refreshing wealth,
And give you thanks, and drink your health.

(The people gather in a circle about him.)

Old villager.

Yea, truly, it is kindly done,
That you on this glad day appear;
For you have proved in evil times
Of yore, our friend tried and sincere.
Full many a one stands here alive
Whom at the last your father yet
Tore from the hottest fever-wrath,
And to the plague its limit set.
You, too, at that time but a youth,
Went in each house where victims fell;
Full many a corpse was carried out,
But you came forth unharmed and well;
Through hard-fought trials have you striven:
The helper gained his help from Heaven.

All.

May health the proven man repay,
That he may help yet many a day!

Faust.

Pay homage you to Him on high,
Who teaches help, and help sends nigh!

(Passes on with Wagner.)

Wagner.

What feelings must be thine, great man, what bliss,
Caused by this multitude's rapt admiration!
Blest, who his talents, his vocation
Can to advantage use like this!
You're shown to children with elation,
Each asks and crowds, the shouts decrease,

The fiddle stops, the dancers cease.
 Thou passest, they form rows to see,
 All hats and caps are lifted high ;
 And little more, bowed would be every knee
 As if the Holy Host came by.

Faust.

To reach yon stone a few steps further we 'll proceed!—
 Here we will rest, our walk has made me weary.
 Oft' have I sat here full of thought indeed,
 And plagued myself with prayers and fastings dreary.
 There, rich in hope and firm in faith,
 With tears and sighs, my raised hands clasping,
 I sought to end that bitter death
 The power from God in Heaven grasping.
 The plaudits of the crowd like jeers now seem.
 Oh! Couldst thou read within my inmost spirit,
 How father and son I deem
 Unworthy, such high fame to merit!
 My father was an unknown gentleman,
 Who Nature's mystery, its sacred spheres and mission
 In honesty, yet full of queer ambition,
 With captious labor thought to scan ;
 Who, with adepts communicating,
 In his dark kitchen stood apart,
 And countless recipes collating
 Opposing forces mixed with art.
 There then, a lion red, a lover dashing,
 Espoused the lily in the tepid bath,
 And both were chased, with fires around them flashing,
 Through bridal-rooms, now this, now that, their painful path.
 Stood then, with motley tints invested,
 The young queen in the glass revealed :
 Here was the medicinè, the patients died and rested,
 And no one asked : Who then was healed?
 Thus have we spread, worse than the plague, infection
 'Mongst hills and dales of this fair section,
 With physic that from hell was raised.
 To thousands my own self the loathsome poison giving,

They died away, and I am living
To hear the daring murderers praised.

Wagner.

Why should this cause you lamentation !
Enough for each man, brave and just,
To wield the art he holds in trust
With conscientious, prompt determination !
When thou thy father honorest as youth,
Thou follow'st gladly his tuition.
Increasest thou, as man, the stores of Truth,
Thy son can then aspire to loftier mission.

Faust.

Blest he, to whom the hope to soar
From out this sea of errors still is granted !
What one knows not, is wanted all the more,
And what one knows, is never wanted.
—But do not let us wrong the bliss supreme
Of such an hour by thoughts of sorrow !
Behold, how from the setting sun's last beam
The vine-grown cots new glory borrow !
He sinks, departs ; the day is lived and gone,
He hastes apace, his light new life instilling.
Oh, why on wings am I not upward borne,
To follow him, with rapture thrilling !
For aye in evening-light I'd hail
The quiet world beneath me glowing,
Each mountain-height on fire, content and still each vale,
The silver brooks to golden rivers flowing.
Then would not rise, the God-like course to bar,
The mountain with its wide abysses yawning ;
The ocean now, with bays that shine like morning
Spreads 'fore my wildered eyes afar.
At last the God has vanished from my vision ;
But newer power awakes, and might,
I haste to quaff his light, a draught elysian,
Before me day, and far behind me night,
The heavens high above, beneath the waves extending.
A beauteous dream, while fades the golden sphere !

Ah, to the pinions of the mind, I fear,
 Material wings may never wed them, blending ;
 Yet is the feeling born, to wander
 Upward and onward, in each frame of clay,
 When o'er us, lost in the blue ether yonder,
 The lark sends forth its thrilling lay,
 When over mountains, steep and piny,
 The eagle poises, hovering,
 And over plains and billows briny
 The crane strives home with tired wing.

Wagner.

I often had myself fantastic notions,
 But never have I felt the like emotions.
 'T is tiresome on green woods and fields to look,
 The bird's wing crave I not in slightest measure.
 How otherwise bears us the mental pleasure
 From page to page, from book to book !
 Then grow the winter nights so lovely fair,
 A warm and blissful life all limbs pervading,
 And oh ! unroll 'st thou e'en an ancient parchment rare,
 All heaven descends to thee that knows no fading.

Faust.

Of this impulse alone thou stand'st confessed ;
 Oh, to attain the other seek thou never !
 Two souls, alas, dwell here within my breast,
 One from the other always strives to sever ;
 The one, in lusty joy, seeks *here* its rest,
 To *this* fair world with all its organs clinging ;
 The other rises from the dust with zest,
 To high ancestral spheres its pathway winging.
 Oh, are there spirits, pure and fair,
 Who float twixt heaven and earth on easy pinions,
 Descend ye then from out the golden air
 And lead me hence to new and strange dominions !
 Yea, could I but a magic mantle own,
 That would to foreign lands convey me,
 Not for the costliest robes that might array me,
 Would I exchange—not for a kingly throne !

Wagner.

Invoke thou not the well-known throngs, which hold
 Full sway throughout the air, therein o'erflowing,
 Which bring to mortals perils thousandfold,
 From every corner breathing, blowing.
 The North assails thee with its spirit-tooth
 And pointed tongues, sharp, piercing like an arrow ;
 From Morningland they come, dry up thy youth,
 And feed upon thy lungs and marrow ;
 If Noonday sends them from the desert curst,
 Glow upon glow around thy forehead heaping,
 Then brings the West swarms which, refreshing first,
 Drown thee, with floods the fields and forests sweeping.
 They list' with joy, are glad to foster harm,
 Obey with joy, with joy all truth defying ;
 They act as if they came from Heaven, and charm
 And whisper, angel-like, while lying.
 —But let us go ! Gray lies the world in night,
 The air is cooled, the mists rise white !
 At eve one learns the house to prize.—
 Why stand'st thou thus and look'st with mazéd eyes ?
 What can so move thee in the twilight's gloaming ?

Faust.

Perceiv'st thou yon black dog through field and stubble
 roaming ?

Wagner.

I saw him long ago, nor minded him the least.

Faust.

Look well at him ! What think'st thou of the beast ?

Wagner.

It is a poodle who, in manner cunning,
 His master's track desires to trace.

Faust.

Dost see how, in wide spiral circles running,
 He bounds around in ever lessening space ?
 And, err I not, a fiery whirlpool streameth
 Upon the pathway in his wake.

Wagner.

That which I see but a black poodle seemeth ;
Your eyes deceive and cause you this mistake.

Faust.

Methinks, he draws some magic snares around us
As future fetters to restrain our feet.

Wagner.

I see him cowed and scared run 'round now he has found us,
Since, in his master's stead, he does two strangers meet.

Faust.

The circle narrows ; he is near !

Wagner.

Thou seest, a dog and not a ghost is here.
He growls and doubts, now on his belly is,
He wags his tail.—Dog's nature, this.

Faust.

Join us ! Come here ! Come here, I say !

Wagner.

A funny beast, and full of play.
Thou standest still, he sits and begs,
Thou speak'st to him, he jumps up, on thy legs ;
What 's lost he quickly will deliver,
And for thy cane spring in the river.

Faust.

I think thou 'rt right ; I do not find a trace
Of any spirit ; all is drill and race.

Wagner.

The dog that has an education
Wins e'en a wise man's admiration.
Aye, in thy favor he deserves to be,
Of students the most learnéd scholar, he.

(They pass into the city-gate.)

STUDY.

*Faust.**(Entering with the poodle.)*

I have returned from fields and meadows,
 Which now the shades of night control,
 With sacred tremors it foreshadows
 The waking of our better soul.
 Stilled are the restless thoughts that madden,
 Stilled every wild, unholy deed;
 The love of man now stirs to gladden,
 The love of God stirs now to plead.

Be quiet, poodle! Cease this running and whining!
 Why dost thou sniff 'round the threshold there?
 Behind the stove now rest thee, reclining,
 My softest cushion thou shalt share.
 As thou, on the mountainous roads, hast attended
 Us, running and leaping,—hast done thy best,
 So in return, by me befriended,
 Be a most welcome, quiet guest.

Ah, when within the chamber narrow
 The lamp burns friendly on the shelf,
 The heart grows light and free from sorrow,
 Bright grows the heart that knows itself.
 Stern sense once more speaks, cool discerning,
 To Hope again the blossoms cling;
 To life's fair rivers tends our yearning,
 Ah! to our being's very spring.

Snarl not, poodle! With the sacred tones sounding
 Now in my soul, its depths pervading,
 Accords not this bestial noise, degrading.
 We are used to hear Man with sneers propounding
 What he does not understand,
 While the Good and the Beautiful abounding,

Which often molests, sets him growling:
Will the dog, likewise, set up *his* howling?

But, alas! I feel, though most anxious and willing,
That contentment no longer wells forth, the heart stilling.
Yet, why has the river so quickly vanished,
And we lie athirst, to a desert banished?
Long have I suffered this probation!
Yet doth this want lead to higher sources,
We learn to revere the spiritual forces,
We long and yearn for revelation,
Which nowhere glows with a purer intent
Than here, in the New Testament.
I'm urged its sacred lore to study—
With honest purpose the divine
And holy text once, line for line,
In my beloved German to embody.

(He opens a volume and commences :)

'Tis writ: In the Beginning was the Word!
How soon at fault! Who'll further help accord?
Is it the Word? Can I so highly rate it?
Nay, I must otherwise translate it
If I the spirit's teaching have divined.
'Tis writ: In the Beginning was the Mind.
—Heed well this first line's proper bearing
Lest thy o'erhasty pen prove thee too daring!
Doth *Mind* create and work from hour to hour?
It should read: In th' Beginning was the Power!
Yet, even while I write this down, a feeling
That asks still further search comes o'er me stealing.
—The spirit aids! Advised I now proceed
And write: In the Beginning was the Deed!

If we must share this chamber, hark now
Poodle, then cease to bark now,
And cease to bellow!
Such a noisy, disturbing fellow
I will not bear, all peace dispelling.
I, or you thus belling,

Must avoid this dwelling.
 I cancel hospitality,
 The door is open, the road is free.—
 But, do my eyes play treason?
 Can this have a natural reason?
 Is it real? Is it a shadow's fraud?
 How long my poodle grows, and broad!
 Up-riseth he with might.
 No canine form resembles this fright!
 What spectre brought I home with me!
 Now like a Nile-horse seemeth he,
 With fiery eyeballs, tusks fearful to see.
 Oh, I am sure of thee!
 For such a half-born, hellish brood
 The key of Solomon is good.

Spirits.

(In the corridor.)

One within sits snared and fretted!
 Stay without, or you'll be netted!
 Like a fox in irons bound
 Quails an ancient, hellish hound.
 But have good care!
 Hover there, hover hither,
 Up, down, and thither,
 And he will yet loose his snare.
 If you can aid him,
 Do not evade him!
 For us has he striven,
 Has favors oft given.

Faust.

To encounter this thing accurst,
 The spell of the Four I use first:

Glow thou, Salamander,
 Undine, flow blithely,
 Sylph, vanish lithely,
 Gnome, labor yonder!

Who comprehends not
 The elements,—kens not
 Their vast might
 And object quite,
 No power inherits
 Over the spirits.

In ruddy flames hence, thou,
 Salamander !
 Flow together, condense, thou,
 Undine !
 In Meteor-beauty be seen,
 Sylph, the airy !
 Bring help to the weary,
 Incubus ! Incubus !—
 Step thou forth, and finish thus !

Of the four, no feature
 Lurks in the creature.
 He lies quite still and leers at me ;
 I have not hurt him yet, I see.
 Thou shalt hear me longer
 Conjure thee, and stronger.

Come, fellow ! Didst stray thou
 From Hell ? Then I say now :
 See *this* sign, the hated,
 Before which, prostrated,
 The black hosts bow lowly !

With bristling hair it swells up, slowly.

Reprobate being !
 Know'st thou the All-Seeing,
 Without source or ending,
 Him, the Unspoken,
 With all the heavens blending,
 Basely pierced ; know'st this token ?

Behind the stove shut in
 It swells, as of elephant's kin,
 All space it essays to fill,
 It melts, in mist ascending.
 Don't rise to the ceiling ! Lie still,
 At the master's feet low bending !
 Thou seest, not vainly I hurl defiance,
 With holy fire I force thy compliance !
 Do not invite
 The threefold-glowing light !
 Do not invite
 My strongest art and ire !

Mephistopheles.

(Steps forth from behind the stove, while the mist falls, dressed in the garb of a traveling student.)

Wherefore the noise? What does my lord require?

Faust.

This was the poodle's kernel, thou?
 A traveling student? Lo, the casus wakes my merriment.

Mephistopheles.

Before the scholar, learned and wise, I bow !
 You've made me sweat with your experiment.

Faust.

What name hast thou?

Mephistopheles.

The quest seems small to me
 From one who holds the *word* in such derision,
 Who, scorning shams, delusion-free,
 Seeks but life's real definition.

Faust.

With folk of your denomination
 The name will tell your true vocation,
 Which is most plainly brought to light
 By calling *Liar* you, *Destroyer*, *Prince of Night*.
 Now then, who art thou, pray?

Mephistopheles.

A part of that fell might
Which always wills the Bad, and always works the Right.

Faust.

What means this curious riddle's dark disguise?

Mephistopheles.

I am the spirit that denies !
And justly so ; for all created life
Must perish, for corruption rife ;
Far better life had no existence.
Thus sin, as you with wrong persistence
Still call it, ruin, bad intent
Are all my proper element.

Faust.

Thou call'st thyself a part, but com'st a whole to me?

Mephistopheles.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
If man, this little foolish world, can call
And think himself a whole and all :
Part of that part am I which once did all unite,
Part of the darkness which gave birth unto the light,
The haughty light, which Mother Night defies,
And her the ancient rank, the space, denies ;
Yet can it not succeed since, tho' it persevere,
It must to bodies still adhere.
It streams from bodies, makes the bodies fair,
A body can impede its glances.
And thus, I hope, short are its chances,
And with the bodies will destruction share.

Faust.

I now perceive thy worthy mission!
Thou canst not lead *all* to perdition,
And thus begin'st with something less.

Mephistopheles.

And truly, small enough is my success.
That which to Naught defiance hurled,
This something, this poor, clumsy world,

No matter how I did pursue it,
 I did not know how to subdue it
 With floods, storms, earthquakes, fire and brand :
 Calm will remain at last both sea and land !
 And that accurséd stuff, the bestial, human brood
 Have e'en my wish for harm outwearied!
 How many have I slain and buried!
 Yet always circulates a fresh and newborn blood.
 It drives one mad, this everlasting motion !
 From atmosphere, from earth, from ocean,
 A thousand germs are born and sown,
 In dry, wet, cold and warm distending!
 Were I not on the flame, as mine, depending,
 I could not call a thing my own.

Faust.

Thus, at the ever striving, working
 And healing power, that creates,
 The devil-fist is stretched out, lurking,
 In vain, to grasp that which it hates!
 Some other aim seek to discover,
 Of chaos thou the curious son !

Mephistopheles.

Most carefully we'll think it over ;
 About this matter more, anon !
 But may I now, for this once, quit thee ?

Faust.

Why thou shouldst ask I cannot see.
 I know thee now, and I permit thee,
 Whene'er thou wilt, to visit me.
 Here is the door, there is the window,
 The chimney, too, affords a start.

Mephistopheles.

I must confess, an obstacle doth hinder
 Lest I across your threshold should depart :
 The wizard's foot upon it, yonder.

Faust.

The pentagram gives thee this pain?
 Explain then, Son of Hell, this wonder,
 How couldst thou enter, if it can retain?
 How could a sprite like thee be cheated?

Mephistopheles.

Look well at it! It is not all completed;
 One of its angles, that which leads outside,
 Is somewhat open, fits not squarely.

Faust.

Now chance at last has hit it, fairly!
 And thou my prisoner must abide?
 By accident this has succeeded!

Mephistopheles.

The poodle took no heed as gaily he proceeded;
 The case now wears a different face:
 The devil cannot leave the place.

Faust.

May not the window cure this evil?

Mephistopheles.

It is a law for spectres and each devil:
 The road they came they, too, when leaving, must retrace.
 The first is our own choice, we're bondsmen to the second.

Faust.

In Hell itself, then, laws are reckoned?
 I find this good! A compact might be made
 Now with you, gentlemen, all safe and binding?

Mephistopheles.

What's promised thou shalt have without reminding.
 We take naught from it, nor evade.
 But rash resolve might here betray you,
 And we will speak of this anon;
 For it is time I should be gone:
 Kindly dismiss me now, I pray you!

Faust.

One single moment but remain with me,
 That I may first good news enquire.

Mephistopheles.

Now let me go! I'll soon return to thee;
Then ask, at thy own heart's desire.

Faust.

Upon thee I have cast no spell,
Thou 'st trapped thyself with bold assurance;
Who holds the devil, hold him well,
He will not have him soon a second time in durance.

Mephistopheles.

If such thy wish then I will be content
Here to remain for social pleasure;
Though asking first for thy consent
That by my arts I may divert thy leisure.

Faust.

I grant it gladly, thou art free;
If but thine art enticing be.

Mephistopheles.

Thy senses, friend, far more are winning
In this one hour that 's now beginning,
Than in the year's monotony.
That which the tender sprites will sing thee,
The lovely pictures which they bring thee,
Are not an empty, magic play.
Thy scent shall revel in enjoyment,
Thy palate feast near unto cloyment,
Thy feeling yield to rapture's sway!
No preparation need we; hence,
Since we're together, we'll commence!

Spirits.

Vanish, ye darkling
Vaults, over-arching!
Shine in with splendor
Thou friendly, tender
Sky, azure-blue!
Ah! That the darkling
Cloudlets were rifted!
Stars ever sparkling,

Suns milder gifted,
 Radiant, stream through.
 Spiritual features
 Of heaven-born creatures,
 Waveringly turning,
 Float, their way wending !
 Longing and Yearning
 Follow, attending ;
 Garments air-drifted,
 Ribbons, breeze-lifted
 Cover fields gifted,
 Cover the bower
 Where vows are plighted
 For life, joy bringing
 To lovers united.
 Bower on bower !
 Young tendrils clinging !
 Grapes, rich in dower,
 Plunge in recesses
 Of powerful presses,
 Plunge into brooklets
 As wines which, foaming
 And rippling run, roaming
 Through gems, dully gloaming,
 Leave vale and mountain
 Swiftly behind them,
 Form sea and fountain,
 Lovingly wind them
 Hills 'round and meadows.
 Bright-wingéd shadows
 Ecstasy sip them,
 Sun-toward dip them,
 Fly to the glancing
 Islets, bright-shining,
 Playfully dancing
 With billows entwining ;
 Where we hear quiring,
 Their glad shouts untiring,
 Over green levels

See dancers hold revels,
 Freely all moving,
 Everywhere roving:
 Some of them skimming
 Mountains and leas,
 Others are swimming
 Over the seas,
 Some in air drifting;
 Life-toward lifting
 All, to the far off,
 Loving, bright star, of
 Bliss bringing Grace!

Mephistopheles.

He sleeps. 'T is well, ye fairies, lithest, fleetest,
 Ye lulled him into sleep, the sweetest;
 This concert must me as your debtor place.—
 Thou'rt not the man to hold the devil, nor confound him!—
 With happy images of dreams surround him,
 Sink him in seas of fancied truth!—
 But yonder threshold's spells to cleave which bound him
 The devil lacks a rat's sharp tooth.
 It needs no lengthened incantation;
 Here rustles one that soon will list to his citation:

The lord of all the rats and mice,
 Of flies and bedbugs, frogs and lice,
 Commands thee, from thy hole withdrawing,
 To lend thine aid, this threshold gnawing
 Where he with oil has touched the place.—
 There comest thou, with hopping pace!—
 To work! The point which did me thus entangle
 Lies forward, on the outer angle.
 Another bite, and it is done!—
 Now, Faust, until we meet again dream sweetly on!

Faust, (awaking.)

Again to vile deceptions fated?
 Thus vanishes the lofty spirit-sway?
 Naught but a dream the devil personated—
 Naught but a poodle ran away?

STUDY.

Faust and Mephistopheles.

Faust.

A knock? Come in! Who will again molest me?

Mephistopheles.

'T is I!

Faust.

Come in!

Mephistopheles.

Nay, thrice thou must request me.

Faust.

Come in then!

Mephistopheles.

Thus I like thee well.

We shall agree, if you 'll but test me!

To chase thy whims I have thus dress'd me,

And come to thee, a noble swell,

In scarlet coat with golden stitches,

A cloak which stiffest silk enriches,

And on my hat a cock's tall plume,

A rapier, sharp, of longest measure,

And now advise thee to assume

A like apparel at thy pleasure,

That thou, for once unfettered, free,

May'st learn what real life can be.

Faust.

In every dress I must endure the pain

Of earthly life, scant and contracted.

Too old, to be by play attracted,

Too young, to have no wish to gain.

What says the world to our complaining?

"Thou shalt abstain," and thus, "abstaining,"

Is still the everlasting cry

Which in one's ears doth ever ring,

Which through our life until we die

Each hour to us doth hoarsely sing.
 I wake in terror with the early morn
 And well could fall to bitter weeping
 To see the day which, to its close from dawn,
 Has not *one* granted wish, not one, in keeping ;
 Which e'en the thought of joy or rest
 Contracts with whimsical persistence,
 And each creation from my breast
 Mars with the masks of dull existence.
 And when the silent night wraps earth and sky,
 I lay me on my couch affrighted :
 No slumber waits my weary eye,
 But fearsome dreams and shapes benighted.
 The God who dwells within my soul
 Can move its being's inmost sources,
 Each power he holds and sways in full control,
 But cannot stir the outer forces.
 A burden, thus, existence is to me,
 Death is desired, and Life a misery.

Mephistopheles.

Yet Death has never proved a welcome guest to be.

Faust.

Oh, blest the man, by victory elated,
 Upon whose brow the gory wreath he presses,
 Whom he has found, with revels sated,
 Entranced by maidens' soft caresses !
 Oh, that before that lofty spirit's might
 I could have died in rapt emotion !

Mephistopheles.

Yet some one in that well-remembered night
 Dared not to quaff a dark, brown potion.

Faust.

Eavesdropping, as it seems, well pleaseth thee.

Mephistopheles.

Omniscient am I not, though much is known to me.

Faust.

Though from the horrors 'round me stealing
 Sweet, well-known sounds my heart relieved,
 And, what remained of child-like feeling,
 With echoes of glad days deceived :
 Yet cursed be all, the soul ensnaring
 With juggleries and lying shows,
 That which with cheats, both false and glaring,
 Exiles it to this frame of woes !
 Cursed above all, the high opinion
 Wherewith the mind rests, self-contained !
 Cursed dazzling visions, whose dominion
 Holds every sense enslaved, enchained !
 Cursed be each dream the truth that scatters,
 Renown's deceit, enduring name !
 Cursed all possession, when it flatters
 As serf and plow, as child or dame !
 Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures
 Spurs us to daring deeds and bold,
 Or when, for self-indulgent pleasures,
 He straightens every pillow fold !
 Cursed be the grape's balsamic potion !
 Cursed Love's last, crowning ecstasy !
 My curse on Hope! On Faith's devotion !
 And, more than all, cursed Patience be !

*Chorus of Spirits.**(Invisible.)*

Woe! Woe!
 Thou hast destroyed it,
 The beautiful world,
 With mighty hand ;
 To ruin 't is hurled
 By a demigod's fearless daring !
 We are bearing
 Far into Chaos the ruins,
 Despairing,
 And mourning their vanished splendor.
 Mightier

Than all men, and grander,
 Brightlier
 Build it,—endeavor
 In thine own bosom to build it again !
 A new life's reign
 Commence,
 With clearer sense,
 And new songs forever
 Sound the refrain.

Mephistopheles.

My little ones, thronging,
 To me belonging.
 Hark ! To deeds, to Life's gay morning
 Points their shrewd warning !
 In the world of men,
 From this lonely den,
 Where senses and sap forsake thee,
 They would wish to take thee.

Cease now upon thy grief to ponder,
 Which, vulture-like, feeds on thy life at will ;
 Amidst the meanest crowd if thou wilt wander,
 Thou 'lt feel a man among men still.
 But I do not intend
 To rank thee with the lowest.
 Nor am I great, thou knowest ;
 But treat me as thy friend,
 To me thy life confiding,
 And cheerfully thee guiding
 I will be thine, in earnest,
 Thy comrade where'er thou turnest,
 And, should I suit,
 Thy servant and thy slave to boot !

Faust.

And in return for services thus given ?

Mephistopheles.

There 's ample time to all such thoughts to list.

Faust.

No, no! The devil is an egotist,
 And never has "for God's sake" striven
 To do what might mankind assist.
 Pronounce thy terms both plain and clear!
 Such servant in the house brings danger near.

Mephistopheles.

I'll promise *Here* to serve thine every pleasure,
 Thy beck and call shall not be made in vain:
 Do thou the same in equal measure
 When *Yonder* we shall meet again.

Faust.

I little care for yonder doings;
 Dash only thou *this* world to ruins,
 The other then its course may fill.
 Out from *this* earth my every rapture started,
 Upon my woes *this* sun its rays has darted,
 Can I from *them* be driven, parted,
 Let happen all that can and will.
 Nor will I list to such vain stories,
 If one hereafter loves, or hates,
 And whether in yon fancied glories
 An Up or Down men separates.

Mephistopheles.

In such sense thou mayst boldly dare it.
 Come, make the pact! Ere many days, I swear it,
 Thou shalt with joy my arts behold.
 What man ne'er saw I will to thee unfold.

Faust.

What's thine to give, poor devil, in creation?
 Was e'er the human mind in its high aspiration
 Conceived by such as thou, or known?
 Food hast thou which not satiates, thou dost own
 Red gold which, without stay, is prone,
 Quicksilver-like, within thine hand to melt;
 A game, in which no trumps are dealt;
 A maiden, who upon my breast

With wanton art looks to my neighbor, leering;
 Bright honor's joy, the Gods' bequest,
 Though like a meteor disappearing :—
 Show me the fruit which, ere 't is plucked, will rot,
 And trees which daily fresh, green leaves will offer!

Mephistopheles.

Such a demand affrights me not,
 Such treasures easily can I proffer.
 But, good my friend, the time comes on apace,
 When we would feast in peace and rest from action.

Faust.

If e'er I seek an idler's couch with satisfaction,
 Then ended be my earthly race!
 Canst thou with lying flattery sway me
 Till, self-pleased, I can view the Past,
 Canst thou with pleasures e'er betray me,
 That be my final day, the last!
 This bet I offer!

Mephistopheles.

Done!

Faust.

And I agree!

Should I accost the Moment ever :
 Delay a while! Thou art so fair!
 Then fetter me, all ties then sever,
 Then ruin be my welcome share!
 Then may the death-knell sound, appalling,
 Then art thou from thy service free,
 The clock may stop, its pointer falling,
 All time be over then for me!

Mephistopheles.

Think first! We hold this not as idle chatter!

Faust.

Such is thy full and proper right.
 I spoke not wantonly, my pride to flatter;
 I am a slave my will despite :
 Thine, or another's, does not matter.

Mephistopheles.

To-day, then, at the doctor's feast, command
 Thy servant, with our pact complying.—
 But hold!—In case of living or of dying,
 A line or two I would demand.

Faust.

Some document, too, pedant, wouldst thou own?
 Hast never thou a man, or word of man, yet known?
 Is't not enough that my outspoken word
 Fore'er shall hold my days in subjugation?
 Sweeps not the world on, with its currents stirred,
 And shall a pledge bind me at thy dictation?
 Yet this delusion sways our very heart;
 Who would from it be disunited?
 Blest, who within him holds pure Truth apart,
 He'll rue no act to which he's plighted!
 But then, a parchment stamped and writ with cunning art,
 A spectre is from which all turn affrighted.
 The words within the pen expire,
 And wax and leather Might acquire.
 What wouldst thou have, base imp of Hell?
 Bronze, marble, parchment, paper—tell?
 Shall it with graver, style, or pen be stated?
 Thy choice is free regarding each.

Mephistopheles.

Why thus exaggerate thy speech,
 And why so quickly irritated?
 Some little sheet is all I claim,
 And with a drop of blood thou need'st but sign thy name.

Faust.

If this contents thy every aim,
 Then be the farce thus terminated.

Mephistopheles.

Blood is a juice most rare and fine.

Faust.

The pact is made—fear not that I revoke it!
 The striving of each power of mine

Is just the promise as I spoke it.
 Too high I stretched my daring hand ;
 I can but own such rank as thou :
 The mighty spirit spurned me, and
 Closed are proud Nature's portals now.
 Torn is the thread of inspiration,
 All knowledge I hold in detestation.
 Deep in the raptures of sensual lust
 Quench we the passions so fervidly glowing !
 And Magic's barriers overthrowing,
 Each marvel yield its long-kept trust !
 Plunge we in time's rushing tide, into life,
 In action's turmoil and its strife !
 There then may delight and pain,
 Success and disdain,
 Follow each other as best they can :
 Ceaseless action alone proves the man.

Mephistopheles.

Nor bounds are set for you, nor end.
 Would you taste everywhere, or rather
 In passing by aught pleasing gather ?
 May it all well agree, my friend.
 Only fall to, and show no bashful shrinking.

Faust.

But listen ! Not of pleasures was I thinking.
 I seek the giddy whirl, joys bred from deepest pain,
 Hate sprung from love, refreshing, cool disdain :
 My breast, no more with stress for knowledge riven,
 Shall not henceforth be closed to any sorrow—
 And what to all Humanity is given,
 Or weal, or woe—my inmost self shall borrow.
 I'll grasp the highest, lowest, with my spirit,
 Its bliss, its anguish shall my breast inherit—
 Thus shall my own self rise, to Mankind's self expanded,
 And, like it, at the last be wrecked and stranded.

Mephistopheles.

Believe me, who for many thousand ages
 Chewed this tough food, which I detest,

From birth to grave none, fools or sages,
 The well-known ancient heaven can digest !
 Trust such as we ; this whole creation
 Is made but for a God alone ;
 In endless splendor He finds exaltation,
 'Midst ever-lasting darkness we atone,
 And you both day and night must own.

Faust.

But then, I will !

Mephistopheles.

'T is bravely spoken !

But still I fear one little thing,
 For Art is long and Time takes wing.
 The need of aid your words betoken.
 Join yourself to a poet, and ask him
 To give rein to his fanciful vision,
 Seizing each noble trait, and then task him
 To place them at your disposition :
 The lion's fearless mood,
 The stag's swift flight,
 The Italian's fiery blood,
 The North's stern might,
 Let him the secret find, in reason,
 How Nobleness be combined with Treason,
 How, with each youthful pulse impassioned,
 Love may be planned, devised, and fashioned.
 I'd like to know such a man and proclaim him,
 " Sir Microcosm " would I name him.

Faust.

What am I then, if vainly seeks my heart
 To gather mankind's crowning treasure,
 To which all senses crowd with eager pressure ?

Mephistopheles.

Thou art at last but—what thou art.
 Place wigs upon thy head a million curls not lacking,
 Place every foot into a yard-long stocking,
 Thou still remainest what thou art.

Faust.

Vain are the treasures which I hold, disclosing
 The human mind and thought ; I feel this well.
 And if I should sit down at last, reposing,
 Within me no new force can live or dwell ;
 I am not by a hair's breadth higher,
 Nor to the Infinite aught nigher.

Mephistopheles.

Good Sir, you view these things as closely
 As every one doth view these things ;
 We must act wiser, less morosely,
 Before the joy of life takes wings.
 Come ! Hands and feet and such,—Perdition !
 And head and . . . , they all are thine !
 But what I relish in addition,
 Is it therefore not also mine ?
 If I six stallions can afford,
 Are not their forces mine, full plenty ?
 I speed along and am as grand a lord
 As if I owned legs four-and-twenty.
 Then forward ! Cease to muse and fret !
 Out in the world, without regret !
 A speculative fellow is, I say,
 Like to a beast upon dry heather,
 Led by an evil sprite in circling rounds astray,
 While all about green pastures lie together.

Faust.

But how will we begin ?

Mephistopheles.

Why, we depart from this.

Such martyrdom thou wilt not miss !
 What can one call such life, such being,
 To you and youths ennuï decreeing ?
 Sir Neighbor Paunch can do this, too !
 Why plague thyself, and thresh the straw thus vainly ?
 The best that thou canst know or do,
 Thou dar'st not tell the youngsters plainly.
 There's one without—his steps are nearing !

Faust.

Impossible to see him now.

Mephistopheles.

The poor boy long has sought a hearing,
He shall not leave with clouded brow.
Come, gown and cap lend, to disguise me;
A charming fit this mask, I vow!

(He changes his dress.)

My wits for such sport will suffice me!
A quarter of an hour is all I need;
Meanwhile prepare thyself for our fair trip with speed.

(Exit Faust.)

Mephistopheles.

(In Faust's long gown.)

Despise thou Reason, and calm Science ban,
The highest power vouchsafed to Man!
With sorcery, spells and black delusion,
Let Satan strengthen thy confusion,
And then I have thee, without doubt.—
On him, through fate, a spirit has descended
Which presses onward, unrestrained, throughout,
Whose impulse, with mad longings blended,
The joys of Earth doth spurn and scout.
Through wildest life, till life is ended,
I'll drag him, with stale dullness curst;
Struggling, outwearied, unbefriended;
And 'midst his hot, insatiate thirst,
With food and drink before his lips suspended,
He shall in vain for cool refreshment cry;
For, even had he not grasped Satan's aid extended,
Still must he in perdition die.

(Enters a Student.)

Student.

I have arrived but lately here,
And come, devoted and sincere,
To know and hear with fond attention
A man, whom all with reverence mention.

Mephistopheles.

Your courtesy rejoices me!
A man like many another you see.
Have you elsewhere acquaintance made?

Student.

I pray you, give me kindly aid!
Good faith I bring, a joyous mood,
Sufficient money, and healthy blood;
My mother was loath to bear this separation;
Yet would I learn here some seemly vocation.

Mephistopheles.

Then have you found the genuine mart.

Student.

Honestly, I would rather depart.
Within these walls, these halls so dreary,
I feel quite ill at ease and weary.
The space is too confined for me,
One sees naught blooming, not a tree,
And when to lectures I betake me,
Thoughts, hearing, seeing, all forsake me.

Mephistopheles.

All this is habit, as you 'll see.
Thus doth a child the mother's breast
Often refuse, most stubbornly,
But soon it nurses there with zest.
Thus will *you* seek the breasts of learning
With daily ever-growing yearning.

Student.

Upon its neck I 'll hang, my joy confessing;
But only say, how can I reach this blessing?

Mephistopheles.

Explain, ere further you proceed,
What faculty best suits your need?

Student.

To be quite learned is my ambition,
To grasp with perfect recognition
All knowledge, both of Earth and Heaven,
Of Science and of Nature, too.

Mephistopheles.

Upon the right track then are you.
But let your mind to naught else be given.

Student.

With soul and body I agree;
Yet nathless, I've some inclination
For holidays and liberty,
When summer comes and its vacation.

Mephistopheles.

Time quickly flies, therefore do not abuse it,
Though order teaches how to use it.
Hence, my dear friend, I would reply
That you collegium logicum try.
There will your mind be drilled and braced,
In Spanish boots both strapped and laced,
That it henceforth, more wary made,
Along the path of thought may wade,
Instead now here, now there, to throw
Its will-o'-the-wisp light to and fro.
Then are you taught for many a day
That, what at one blow you always
Accomplished, like eating and drinking, free,
One, two, three, thereto needed be.
This fabric of thought resembles in kind
A weaver's piece wrought by a master-mind,
Where *one* treadle thousands of threads entwines,
With shuttles hither and thither plying,
With threads invisibly onward flying,
And *one* stroke thousand changes combines:
Then the philosopher steps forth
And proves that all this has its worth;
The first was so, the second so,
Hence must the third and fourth be so,
And were the first and second not,
The third and fourth could ne'er be got.
The scholars everywhere praise this and ponder,
But none become weavers—and no wonder!
Who would know aught living and describe its merit,

Seeks first to drive out its soul and its spirit,
 And holds then the particles in his hand,
 Lacks nothing but the spiritual band.
 Chemistry "*Encheiresin naturæ*" this names,
 Nor knows how she scorns herself thus and shames.

Student.

I do not understand you clearly.

Mephistopheles.

You'll soon improve, when you more nearly
 Shall view and probe each production,
 And learn to classify its construction.

Student.

I feel as stupid from all this, and dull
 As if a mill-wheel turned 'round in my skull.

Mephistopheles.

Then would I offer *this* suggestion :
 Attack Metaphysics, without a question!
 See that you thoughtfully unfold
 That which no human brain can hold;
 And what goes in, and what does not,
 For each a splendid word you've got.
 But now, this first half-year, commence
 With order and with diligence.
 Five hours for lessons every day,
 And when the clock strikes—no delay!
 Be well prepared on every hand,
 Your paragraphs all understand,
 So you may later see quite plain
 That he said only what the books contain;
 Yet write with zeal all unabated
 As if the Holy Ghost dictated !

Student.

This will not need a second mention !
 I comprehend its worth aright;
 For what one owns in black and white
 One can take home with pleased intention.

Mephistopheles.

But come now, choose a faculty!

Student.

For Jurisprudence, then, I feel no inclination.

Mephistopheles.

I blame you not for this determination;
I know the science, know it thoroughly.
Rights are transferred and legislation
Like to a plague none can efface;
From generation dragged to generation,
And slowly moved from place to place.
Sense grows to nonsense, spite good-will displaces;
Woe, since thou art a grandchild, woe!
The right that was born with us, though,
Of *that*, alas, one finds no traces!

Student.

My loathing is increased anew.
Oh, happy who is taught by you!
Theology I would now almost mention.

Mephistopheles.

To lead you wrong I can have no intention.
Regarding now *this* science, why
'T is hard to shun the wrong path in this matter;
So many hidden poisons in it lie,
So like the medicine, one scarce can tell the latter.
Here also is it best to listen but to one,
Swear by the master's words, or none.
In short, by words alone abide you!
Through guarded portals will they guide you
Into the shrine of Certainty.

Student.

Yet in the word there must a meaning be.

Mephistopheles.

All well; but there's no need to be too much dejected!
For when no sense can be detected,
Then comes the word and steps in properly.
With words disputing is a pleasure,
With words a system's made, at leisure,
In words one can believe most truly,
From words cannot a jot be stolen duly.

Student.

Pray, pardon; I annoy you with such questions,
 But I would ask you to begin
 And give me now of Medicine
 A few brave words, or some suggestions.
 Three years will quickly onward glide,
 And, Lord! The field is very wide.
 If but a hint one has received
 'T were easier far to reach one's level.

Mephistopheles, (aside.)

Of this dry tone I'll be relieved,
 And once again must play the devil.

(Aloud.)

The sense of Medicine with ease one guesses;
 You study great and smaller worlds and plod,
 Though at the last it all progresses
 As pleaseth God.
 In vain that you should seek vast Science to enfold,
 For each one learns but that which learn he can;
 Who grasps the moment, firm and bold,
He is the proper man.
 You are of pleasing mien, well grown,
 With courage, too, you'll form alliance.
 Rely upon yourself alone,
 And others place in you reliance.
 On women most bestow your observation;
 Their everlasting ahs! and ohs!
 Of thousand woes
 Are cured by *one* sure application;
 If you but act discreetly, that
 Will place them all beneath your hat.
 A title must assure them first, thus proving
 That *your* art leads all others of its kind;
 Then, for a welcome, touch and grope, o'er beauties roving,
 Which takes another many years to find;
 Count, too, the pulse, whene'er it chances,
 And press your arms with fiery, knowing glances
 Around her slim waist, bold and free,
 To see how tightly laced she be.

Student.

This looks much better now! The Where and How I see.

Mephistopheles.

Gray, dear my friend, is every theory,
And green the golden tree of Life.

Student.

I swear, it seems a dream with visions rife!
Might I again, without fear of molesting,
List to your wise words, learned and interesting?

Mephistopheles.

I gladly help with all I know.

Student.

I cannot possibly thus go,
My album I in deference would tender.
Your kindness may this favor render!

Mephistopheles.

'T is well.

(He writes and returns the book.)

Student, (reads.)

Eritis sicut deus, scientes bonum et malum.

(He closes the book reverentially, and withdraws.)

Mephistopheles.

Follow the ancient saw and the serpent, my nearest relation—
Thy likeness to God will prove ere long but a poor consolation.

Faust.

(Faust enters.)

And where shall we now go?

Mephistopheles.

Where it most pleases thee.

The small world first and then the great we'll see.
Oh, with what joy, what profits earning,
Will you pursue this term of learning!

Faust.

But with this flowing beard of mine
Fine manners I cannot combine.
I doubt this trial's lucky ending;
I'm unfit for this world and cares attending.
I feel so small with others near,
And always diffident, I fear.

Mephistopheles.

Belovéd friend, those awkward thoughts will vanish ;
The art of life is thine, when thou thy fears shalt banish.

Faust.

How shall we leave this narrow sphere ?
Where hast thou horses, coach, assistants ?

Mephistopheles.

We only spread this mantle here,
'T will bear us through the airy distance.
But let no large-sized pack impede
This daring journey's upward speed.
Some fiery air of which I know the preparation
Lifts us above this earth's rotation,
And quickly we ascend if we are light :
I wish thee joy and luck on this life new and bright.



AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

Carousal of jolly companions.

Frosch.

Is there no drinking, laughing, swearing?
I'll teach you to sit here gaping and staring!
Why, you 're like sodden straw to-day,
When usually you blaze away.

Brander.

The fault is thine; why hast thou nothing brought?
No beastliness, no nonsense even—naught.

Frosch.

(Pours a glass of wine over Brander's head.)

There hast thou both!

Brander.

Thou two-fold swine!

Frosch.

The wish I should be one was thine!

Siebel.

Who quarrels, goes outside the door!
Now sing with open throat, and drink and roar!
Up! Holla! Ho!

Altmayer.

Woe's me! I'm lost! I'm dying!
Bring cotton! Or my ears split with his crying!

Siebel.

When arch and vault with song resound,
Then only will the power of bass be found.

Frosch.

That's well! And out with him who aught shall take amiss!
Ah! trara lara da!

Altmayer.

Ah! trara lara da!

Frosch.

Our throats are tuned by this.

(Sings.)

The dear, the Holy Roman Realm,
How holds it still together?

Brander.

A nasty song! Fie! A political song!
A sorry song! Thank God with every morrow,
The Roman Realm needs not your help to borrow!
For I at least deem it an advantageous thing,
That I am neither chancellor nor king.
Yet e'en from us a chief should be selected,
Hence let a Pope be now elected.
Ye know what qualities decide
And rate the man who should preside.

Frosch, (Sings.)

Soar up, Dame Nightingale so sweet,
Ten thousand times my sweetheart greet.

Siebel.

Greet not the sweetheart! No! I say I will not hear thee!

Frosch.

The sweetheart greet and kiss! Thou shalt not say I fear thee!

(Sings.)

Open bolts! In stilly night!
Open bolts! Thy love wakes bright!
Close the bolts, at dawn of morn!

Siebel.

Yea, sing, and only sing, and laud and praise in turn!
My laugh in due time will be greater!
She has befooled *me*, and she'll fool you also, later!
May she for sweetheart own an elfish sprite,
Who at a cross-road gives her his caresses;
An old buck, who the Brocken leaves at night,
Shall bleat, in passing, his good-night addresses!
A brave young lad of real flesh and blood
Is for the wench a deal too good.
No other greeting be my giving
Than smash her windows—as I'm living!

Brander.

(Pounding upon the table.)

Attention! Listen now! Draw near!
 Confess it, Sirs, I know life's chances:
 Some love-sick people have we here
 Whom, to conclude this good night's cheer,
 I'll treat now as befits their circumstances!
 Take heed! Of new design 's my song!
 And join the chorus loud and 'strong.

(He sings.)

In the cellar-nest once lived a rat,
 Grease and butter was his passion,
 His paunch waxed sleek and smooth and fat
 In Doctor Luther's fashion.
 The cook had poison laid for him,
 Then grew the world as small and dim
 As if love swayed his bosom.

Chorus, (Shouting.)

As if love swayed his bosom!

Brander.

He ran up here, he ran up there,
 From pools his thirst assuaging,
 He scratched and gnawed most everywhere,
 But naught availed his raging.
 He made full many an anguished spring,
 But soon he had enough, poor thing,
 As if love swayed his bosom.

Chorus.

As if love swayed his bosom!

Brander.

In torments fierce, when day shone clear,
 He came the kitchen seeking;
 Fell near the hearth, consumed with fear,
 Most pitifully squeaking.
 The poisoner gave a laugh so droll:
 He pipes upon the final hole,
 As if love swayed his bosom.

Chorus.

As if love swayed his bosom !

Siebel.

How the flat louts enjoy their chatter !
A nice thing, really, I must say,
Poison for wretched rats to scatter !

Brander.

Quite high in thy esteem stand they ?

Altmayer.

The pot belly, with bald pate shining !
Misfortune makes him tame appear ;
In swollen rats with poison pining,
He sees his image, plain and clear.

Faust and Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.

And now, while other scenes await us,
With jolly company we will mate us,
That you can see how one may live at ease.
Each day 's a festival with such as these.
With little wit much cheer attaining,
Within his narrow circle turns each one,
As for their tails young kittens run.
If headaches set them not complaining,
And while the landlord credit gives,
Each happy and contented lives.

Brander.

They 're from a journey, long and tiring,
Their curious air shows this, and gaze inquiring ;
They reached here not an hour ago.

Frosch.

In truth, thou 'rt right! For this I praise my Leipsic so !
' T is like a little Paris and educates its people.

Siebel.

For what tak'st thou these strangers, then ?

Frosch.

I'll manage them! A brimming glass of liquor
Will worm the secrets from such men
As if one pulled a child's tooth—aye, and quicker!
They are of high and noble birth, I ween,
They wear a haughty, discontented mien.

Brander.

They're mountebanks, if I guess rightly!

Altmayer.

Perhaps.

Frosch.

Look out, I tackle both!

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

Such folks ne'er scent the fiend, forsooth,
Not if their throats he collars tightly.

Faust.

Be greeted, gentlemen!

Siebel.

Thanks! Greeted be by us.

(Aside to himself, looking askance at Mephistopheles.)

Why halts the chap on one foot thus?

Mephistopheles.

We'd like to join your table, by your favor!
Good wine cannot be had, but to this poorer grade
Your company shall add a flavor.

Altmayer.

You seem a most fastidious blade.

Frosch.

You started late from Rippach, to my thinking?
And supped with Master Hans before you came away?

Mephistopheles.

We travelled past his house to-day;
The last time, though, we practiced no such shrinking.
He freely spoke of cousins and relations,
And asked that we should give to each his salutations.

(He bows to Frosch.)

Altmayer, (aside.)

Thou 'st got it now! He knows!

Siebel.

A clever knave is he!

Frosch.

I'll have him yet—just wait and see!

Mephistopheles.

If I'm not wrong, we heard a strain
Of practiced voices here resounding?
True, songs must two-fold strength attain,
From yonder high-arched vault rebounding.

Frosch.

Are you a virtuoso, pray?

Mephistopheles.

Oh no! The power is weak, tho' great my wish, always.

Altmayer.

Give us a song!

Mephistopheles.

If you desire it, many.

Siebel.

A brand-new piece, though, I demand.

Mephistopheles.

We have returned but now from Spain, the land
Of Wine and Song, more beautiful than any.

(Sings.)

A king there was in story
Who owned a giant flea——

Frosch.

Hark ye! A flea! Have you well understood?
A flea's a guest of noble blood!

Mephistopheles, (Sings.)

A king there was in story,
Who owned a giant flea,
He loved him and did glory
As if his son were he.
A tailor he called for his treasure,
The tailor came in haste:
"There, clothes for the squire measure,
And make him pants with taste!"

Brander.

But mind and tell the tailor not to soil them,
To measure fully every thread,
And that he, as he loves his head,
Sees that no single crease shall spoil them!

Mephistopheles.

In silks and velvets gaily
He had his favorite dressed,
With ribbons he decked him daily,
Placed a cross upon his breast.
A minister soon in station,
A star he now could sport,
Then every friend and relation
Became a great lord at court.

The lords and ladies were bitten
And plagued at home and at court,
The queen and her maid were smitten,
And stung and sorely hurt;
Yet did not dare to snap them
Nor frighten them away:
We strangle, snap and slap them,
Whenever we find them astray!

Chorus, (Shouting.)

We strangle, snap and slap them,
Whenever we find them astray!

Frosch.

Bravo! Bravo! That was good!

Siebel.

This be the fate of all such brood!

Brander.

Point the fingers and grasp them, in fine!

Altmayer.

Hurrah for freedom! Hurrah for wine!

Mephistopheles.

To honor freedom I would drink and join the chorus,
If somewhat better wines you could but set before us.

Siebel.

We wont again have this held o'er us!

Mephistopheles.

I only fear the landlord might exclaim,
Else would I treat your worthy presence
Out of our cellar's choicest essence.

Siebel.

Bring forth your wine! I'll bear the blame.

Frosch.

Give us a good, full glass, and praise to you we'll render.
Your samples, though, be not too slender,
For, that my judgment prove not dull,
I ask to have my mouth right full.

Altmayer, (aside.)

They're from the Rhine; no doubt whatever!

Mephistopheles.

Bring me a gimlet, then.

Brander.

What are you now about?
Have you the casks before the door? That's clever!

Altmayer.

The landlord's tool box stands behind there; hand it out!

Mephistopheles.

(Taking a gimlet, to Frosch.)

Now say, how can your taste be suited?

Frosch.

How mean you this? Have you so many kinds?

Mephistopheles.

Each one can choose what most he minds.

Altmayer, (to Frosch.)

Aha, dost lick thy chops because that theme is bruited?

Frosch.

Well, if I am to choose, the Rhine-wine I shall favor,
The Fatherland's fair gifts possess the sweetest flavor.

Mephistopheles.

*(Boring a hole in the edge of the table at the place where
Frosch sits.)*

Procure a little wax the stoppers now completing.

Altmayer.

Ah, those are juggler-tricks and cheating.

Mephistopheles, (to Brander.)

And you?

Brander.

Champagne is my delight,

And let it sparkling be and bright.

*(Mephistopheles bores ; one of the others
has meanwhile made wax-stoppers and
plugged the holes.)*

What's foreign will not always bear rejection,

The good oft' lies so far away.

A real German for the French has no affection,

But likes their wines, as well he may.

Siebel.

(As Mephistopheles approaches his place.)

I must confess, I fancy not sour wine;

Give me a glass that's sweet and mellow.

Mephistopheles, (bores.)

Tokay shall flow you, amber-yellow.

Altmayer.

Nay, Sirs, look in this face of mine!

I see it well, we serve but your diversion.

Mephistopheles.

No, no! With guests of such assertion,

I would not dare to make so free.

Be quick, and tell your wish to me :

What kind of wine shall I now serve you?

Altmayer.

Serve any! Ask not! I agree.

(After the holes have all been bored and are plugged.)

Mephistopheles.

(*With strange gestures.*)

Purple grapes the vine doth show,
Horns upon the he-goat grow!
The wine is juicy, of wood the clusters,
The wooden table as good wine musters.
A glance in Nature's hidden path!
Here is a wonder, have but faith!
Now draw the stoppers and drink your fill!

All.

(*As they draw out the stoppers and the desired wine flows into
each one's glass.*)

Oh beautiful spring that flows at will!

Mephistopheles.

But have good care that you may nothing spill.

(*They drink repeatedly.*)

All, (sing.)

We feel such cannibalic joy,
Like swine, a whole five hundred!

Mephistopheles.

The crew is free, is happy—do you see!

Faust.

To leave now is my inclination.

Mephistopheles.

Attend one moment, their bestiality
Will be a splendid revelation.

Siebel.

(*Drinks carelessly; the wine flows upon the ground and turns
to flame.*)

Help! Fire! Help! All hell is rent!

Mephistopheles, (conjuring the flame.)

Be quiet, friendly element!

(*To the revellers.*)

This time it was a drop of purgatory, merely.

Siebel.

What means this? Wait, for this you shall pay dearly!
You know us not, that's evident!

Frosch.

Do not a second time to this invite us.

Altmayer.

I think 't were best to ask him quietly to leave.

Siebel.

What, Sir? How dare you thus deceive,
And with your hocus-pocus fright us?

Mephistopheles.

Silence, old wine tub!

Siebel.

Broomstick, thou!

Thy insolence wont cease nor shame thee?

Brander.

Just wait! A shower of blows shall tame thee!

Altmayer.

(Draws a stopper out of the table; fire flies at him.)

I burn! I burn!

Siebel.

'T is sorcery!

Strike! Outlawed shall the fellow be!

(They draw their knives and rush upon Mephistopheles.)

Mephistopheles.

(With solemn gestures.)

False words, and forms that lie,
Sense and place shall falsify!
Be far—be nigh!

(They stand astonished and look at each other.)

Altmayer.

Where am I? What a beautiful land!

Frosch.

Vine-yards! Am I awake?

Siebel.

And grapes, too, right at hand?

Brander.

Here, under these green leaves abiding,
See, what a vine! What grapes are hiding!

(He takes Siebel by the nose. The others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.)

Mephistopheles, (as above.)

Loose, Error, from their eyes thy band,
And mark ye how the devil jested.

(He disappears with Faust; the fellows separate suddenly.)

Siebel.

What 's up?

Altmayer.

How?

Frosch.

Was 't thy nose I wrested?

Brander, (to Siebel.)

And thine I hold here in my hand?

Altmayer.

That was a stroke! My every limb doth quiver!
Bring me a chair! I sink—I shiver!

Frosch.

But tell me, what has happened, pray?

Siebel.

Where is the scoundrel! If I find him
He shall not leave alive, I say!

Altmayer.

I saw him through the cellar-door, his friend behind him,
Upon a wine-cask ride away.—

My feet and limbs with lead seem weighted.

(Turning toward the table.)

I wonder flows that wine yet unabated?

Siebel.

'T was all deceit, and fraud, and lure.

Frosch.

But I drank wine—of that I 'm sure.

Brander.

But how about the grapes so splendid?

Altmayer.

Who says the days of miracles are ended?

WITCHES' KITCHEN.

(Upon a low hearth stands a large caldron over the fire. In the fumes which arise from it, different forms show themselves. A female monkey sits near the caldron, skims it, and takes care that it does not boil over. The male monkey with the young ones sits close by, and warms himself. The walls and ceiling are ornamented with the most uncouth articles of witch-furniture.)

Faust and Mephistopheles.

Faust.

This crazy witchcraft fills me with aversion;
I shall be healed, is thy assertion,
Through such a chaos, raving mad?
Am I to ask an old hag for assistance?
And will her cookery, foul and bad,
Take thirty years from my existence?
Woe's me, if naught else thou hast found!
Already all my hopes are blighted.
Has neither nature, nor a mind profound,
Upon some rare and potent balsam lighted?

Mephistopheles.

My friend, thy speech is wise once more!
There is a natural way to give thee back youth's forces;
But in another book is writ that lore,
A chapter full of queer resources.

Faust.

I wish to know it.

Mephistopheles.

Good! No money wilt thou need,
Nor leech nor witchcraft for thy healing!
At once go to the field and weed,
With hoe and spade new strength revealing;
Keep thou thyself and all thy sense
Within a very narrow paling,

With coarse and simple food thyself regaling,
 Live as a beast with beasts, nor think 't will thee degrade,
 To dung the land from which thy food is taken;
 The best law this, if well obeyed,
 To keep thy youth for eighty years unshaken.

Faust.

I am not used to it, nor could, without misgiving,
 Take spade in hand to earn my living.
 The narrow life suits not at all my case.

Mephistopheles.

Then, after all, we'll have the witch to face.

Faust.

But wherefore that old woman, pray?
 Canst *thou* not help, the potion brewing?

Mephistopheles.

That *were* a pastime, I must say!
 I could build thousand bridges, whilst so doing.
 Not art alone, or science, share
 In this work—patience, too, and care.
 A quiet mind toils on for years; time lengthens,
 And thus the subtle fermentation strengthens.
 And everything that 's in it wrought,
 Is strange; with naught I can compare it!
 The devil the secret of it taught,
 But yet the devil can't prepare it.

(He perceives the animals.)

Look here! Behold the tender pair!
 This is the maid! The man is there!

(To the animals.)

It seems the dame from home has ridden?

The monkeys.

To a feast she 's bidden,
 Out in the air
 Through the chimney there!

Mephistopheles.

How long a time will she thus riot?

The monkeys.

While we our paws warm here in quiet.

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

What think'st thou of the gentle creatures?

Faust.

Disgusting, more than aught I've ever known!

Mephistopheles.

Nay, a discourse like this, I own,
Contains for me the most attractive features.

(To the animals.)

Say now, cursed puppets, why this heating
And stirring of the porridge there?

Animals.

We cook thin soups for beggars' eating.

Mephistopheles.

You're sure of custom for such fare.

The male monkey.

(Comes near and fawns upon Mephistopheles.)

Oh cast thou the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,
And let me win, later.
My fortunes decline,
If money were mine,
My wit would be greater.

Mephistopheles.

How happy would the ape be, how contented,
If lottery but his luck augmented!

(In the meantime the young monkeys have played with a large ball, which they now bring forward.)

The male monkey.

This is the world,
Up, down 't is hurled,
And rolls each minute;
It rings like glass;
Soon breaks, alas!
There's naught within it.
Here bright it beams,
Here brighter gleams.

I live right in it!
 Dear son, obey
 And keep away!
 Thy life ceases!
 'T is made of clay,
 And falls to pieces.

Mephistopheles.

What means the sieve?

The male monkey, (taking' it down.)

Wert thou a thief,
 I would quickly know it.

(He runs to the female monkey and lets her look through it.)

Look through the sieve!
 Know'st thou the thief
 And darest not show it?

Mephistopheles, (approaching the fire.)

And here this pot?

The male and female monkeys.

The fool has forgot!
 He knows not the pot,
 He knows not the kettle!

Mephistopheles.

Impertinent wretch!

The male monkey.

Take the brush which I fetch,
 And sit on the settle!

(He invites Mephistopheles to sit down.)

Faust,

*(Who during this time has been standing before a mirror, now
 advancing and now retreating from it.)*

What do I see? What heavenly form
 Is from this magic mirror bending!
 Oh Love, lead thou me on, thy swiftest pinions lending,
 To her domain so light, so warm!
 Ah, if I leave this spot, my sense ensnaring,
 If I to venture near but dare,
 I see her only as through misty air!—

A woman's form, past all comparing!
 Is woman then so wondrous fair?
 Do these recumbent limbs, each charm declaring,
 To me the essence of all heavens bear?
 Holds earth such form, in beauty blending?

Mephistopheles.

Why, if a God doth work six days with all his strength,
 And "bravo" says himself at length,
 Then it must have a clever ending.
 For this once stand and gaze thy fill;
 A sweetheart like her I will yet discover,
 And blest is he, by fortune favored still,
 Who bears her to his home, her lover!

(Faust continues to gaze in the mirror. Mephistopheles, stretching himself on the settle, and playing with the brush, continues to speak.)

Here sit I throned, a king, my power vaunting,
 The sceptre I hold here, the crown alone is wanting.

The animals,

(Who have hitherto made strange gestures among themselves, bring a crown to Mephistopheles amidst great shrieks.)

Oh be thou so good,
 Glue with sweat and with blood
 The crown! See it glisten!

(They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces, with which they spring around.)

And now it is done!
 We speak and look on,
 We rhyme and we listen!

Faust, (before the mirror.)

Woe's me! I lose my wits indeed!

Mephistopheles, (pointing to the animals.)

My own head now doth tremble with confusion.

The animals.

And if we succeed
 And things have good speed,
 We've thoughts in profusion!

Faust, (as above.)

A fire starts here, my breast consuming!
Come, let us quickly haste away!

Mephistopheles, (in the same attitude.)

One is at least safe in assuming
That they are poets, honest as the day.

(The caldron, which the female monkey has neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame arises and blazes up the chimney. The witch comes shooting down through the flames with horrible cries.)

The witch.

Ou! Ou! Ou! Ou!
Thou damnéd beast! Thou curséd sow!
Neglect'st the kettle, scorch'st the Frau!
Accurséd cat!

(Perceiving Faust and Mephistopheles.)

And who is that?
Who are you, what?
What would you there?
Who 'd entrance gain?
The fire-pain
Into your brain!

(She dips the skimming ladle into the caldron and dashes flames at Faust, Mephistopheles and the animals. The animals moan.)

Mephistopheles.

(Reverses the brush which he holds in his hand and strikes among the glasses and pots.)

In two! In two!
There lies the brew!
There lies the glass!
The joke will pass
As time, vile ass,
To the air as sung by you.

(As the witch starts back, filled with rage and terror.)

Dost know me now? Thou monster! Skeleton!
Know'st thou thy lord and thy protector?
What hinders me to dash upon

And smite in twain thee and each monkey spectre?
 The scarlet doublet is no longer prized?
 Dost recognize no more the cock-plume's flutter?
 Have I my countenance disguised?
 Shall I myself my name then utter?

The witch.

Oh sir, forgive the rude salute!
 But then, I saw no cloven foot.
 And your two ravens, are they banished?

Mephistopheles.

For this once I will grant thee grace;
 For truly, since we last met face to face
 Full many a day has come and vanished.
 And Culture, too, which licks the world all o'er,
 Attacks the devil more and more.
 The northern phantom's might no longer doth prevail now;
 Where seest thou horns and claws and tail now?
 And as regards the foot, which I can't do without,
 If shown, the people would deride it;
 Therefore I have assumed like many a youth, no doubt,
 False calves for many years to hide it.

The witch, (dancing.)

Sense and reason abandon me,
 Since once again Squire Satan here I see.

Mephistopheles.

Woman, that name 's forbidden thee!

The witch.

Why so? What has it done to you?

Mephistopheles.

A fable has it long since been regarded;
 But men are not much better off: 't is true,
 The fiend is gone for good, but fiends are not discarded.
 Lord Baron call thou me; and thus all shall be well;
 I am a cavalier like others I could mention:
 Thou dost not doubt my noble blood—'t will tell!
 This my escutcheon, give it thy attention!

(He makes an indecent gesture.)

The witch, (laughing immoderately.)

Ha! Ha! That's your old way once more!
You are a rogue, just as you were of yore.

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

My friend, learn well to comprehend:
This is the way with witches to contend.

The witch.

Now tell me, Sirs, what will you have?

Mephistopheles.

A glass of that familiar juice we crave!
But I would beg you for your oldest;
Years two-fold strength on it engrave.

The witch.

Right gladly! Here I have a bottle
From which myself I wet my throttle,
Which neither in the slightest stinks;
And of a glass I'll not deprive you.

(Aside.)

Yet if this man without due preparation drinks,
He cannot, as you know, a single hour survive you!

Mephistopheles.

He is a friend of mine, it shall agree with him;
I grudge him not the best that's in thy kitchen.
Thy circle draw, pronounce thy spells bewitching,
And fill a cup unto the brim!

The witch,

(With strange gestures draws a circle and places strange things in the midst thereof; in the meantime the glasses begin to ring, the kettles to sound and to make music. Finally she brings a large book and places the monkeys in the circle in such positions as to serve her for a reading desk and a torch holder. She then beckons to Faust to approach.)

Faust, (to Mephistopheles.)

What means all this? The senseless chatter,
The raving gestures, all this crazy matter,
This most disgusting trickery—each
I know, and hate them past all speech.

Mephistopheles.

Pshaw, nonsense! That should cause derision ;
 Thou shouldst not too fastidious be!
 She must her juggling do, as a physician,
 So that the drink may well agree with thee.

(He persuades Faust to enter the circle.)

The witch,

(With strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book.)

Now, thou must ken!
 Of one make ten,
 From two abstain,
 Make equal three
 And rich thou'lt be.
 Lose thou the four!
 Of five and six,
 The witch so speaks,
 Make seven and eight,
 Then all is straight!
 And nine is one,
 And ten is none.
 This is the witches' "One time one!"

Faust.

Methinks the hag in fever rages.

Mephistopheles.

This talk runs on through many pages.
 I know it well, the whole book sounds like this ;
 Much time I spent upon it—vain endeavor!
 For perfect contradiction is
 Unto the wise and fools a mystery forever.
 The art is old and new, you see.
 In every age the custom flourished
 That three and one, and one and three
 The truth obscured and error nourished.
 They prate and prose without molest ;
 Who will with fools have aught in common ?
 Man usually believes, if he hears words expressed,
 That thoughts must lie behind which he at will can summon.

The witch (continues.)

The lofty Might
Of wisdom's light
From all the world is hidden!
Who takes no thought
To him 't is brought,
It comes to him unbidden.

Faust.

What nonsense doth she now discuss?
My head is almost cleft asunder.
A chorus is 't, that talks to us,
Of hundred thousand fools, I wonder?

Mephistopheles.

Enough, oh worthy Sybil, wise and knowing!
Thy drink bring, and to overflowing
Fill thou the goblet quickly with thy draught.
For to my friend it will bring no disaster,
Of manifold degrees he's master,
Who many a goodly glass has quaffed.

The witch,

(With much ceremony, pours the liquor into a cup; as Faust raises it to his lips, it emits a slight flame.)

Mephistopheles.

Down with it, quick! Come, drain it now!
Thy very heart shall be delighted.
Art with the devil "thou and thou,"
And from the flame shrink'st back, affrighted?

(The witch opens the circle. Faust steps forth.)

Now forth, at once! Thou must not rest.

The witch.

Much good do you the potion's flavor!

Mephistopheles, (to the witch.)

And can I grant aught that will please thee best,
Walpurgis Night's the time to ask the favor.

The witch.

Here is a song which, if you sometimes sing,
To strange emotions you will be subjected.

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

Come now, make haste, by me directed,
That perspiration be effected,
So that the power to every nerve may cling.
The noble indolence to prize I'll teach thee later;
And soon wilt feel with joy, that sweeter grows and greater,
How Cupid moveth to and fro on lightsome wing.

Faust.

One single glance within the mirror yonder!
That form seemed, oh, so fair to me!

Mephistopheles.

No! No! Of womankind the living wonder
Thine eyes in very truth shall see.

(Aside.)

While with this draught thy veins are laden,
Thou 'lt see a Helen in each maiden!



A STREET.

Faust. Margaret passing by.

Faust.

Fair lady, may I dare to proffer
My arm, and you my escort offer?

Margaret.

Am neither lady, nor yet fair,
And can go home without your care.

(She releases herself, and exit.)

Faust.

By heaven, but this child is fair!
I never saw such beauty rare!
So virtuous and pure is she,
Yet somewhat pert she seems to be.
Her lips' bright red, her cheeks' soft rays,
I'll not forget in all my days!
Her eyes, cast down in modest grace,
Upon my heart have left their trace;
And then, how curt her speech just now;
That was the best of all, I vow!

(Mephistopheles enters.)

Faust.

Hark, get that lass in my possession!

Mephistopheles.

How, which one?

Faust.

She who passed within.

Mephistopheles.

What, she? She came from her confession,
The priest absolved her from all sin;
Close by them sneaked I, listening.
She's very simple and untaught,
And to her shrift went just for naught;
I have no power o'er such as she.

Faust.

Fourteen and more she seems to be.

Mephistopheles.

Why, thou dost speak like Brother Rake,
Who himself would every blossom take,
And thinks no honor lives, nor aught
That cannot by some means be bought;
But 't is not always so to be.

Faust.

My dear Professor Morality,
Leave me in peace with your law forever.
And this I tell you, short and good:
Unless the sweet and winsome blood
Rests in my arms to-night, subdued,
Our pact at midnight I shall sever.

Mephistopheles.

Consider, whether that is fair!
I need two weeks at least, with care
To search for suitable occasions.

Faust.

But seven hours of rest I crave,
Then would I need nor fiend, nor knave,
To win that child by my persuasions.

Mephistopheles.

How like a Frenchman now you prate;
But, pray you, show no needless worry:
What boots it, pleasures thus to hurry?
The joy is not by half as great,
As when you first, this way or that,
By every means of silly chat
Have kneaded and moulded the puppet well,
As many Italian tales will tell.

Faust.

No need to whet my appetite.

Mephistopheles.

But now, place jesting out of sight!
I tell you, with that lovely maid
Nothing in haste can be done or said.
With storm our chances are but slender;
To strategy she may surrender.

Faust.

Bring from the angel's treasure aught,
Lead me unto her couch, blest thought!
Bring me a kerchief from her white breast,
A garter, for my loving zest.

Mephistopheles.

To demonstrate that this your pain
I'll aid and serve with might and main,
Without a moment's loss I will relieve you,
And e'en to-day her chamber shall receive you.

Faust.

And shall I see, possess her?

Mephistopheles.

Nay!

To a friend she stepped across the way.
Meanwhile, while all alone, you may
Live on the joys by hope bequeathed,
And feed on air which she has breathed.

Faust.

Can we go now?

Mephistopheles.

'T is too early, no!

Faust.

Some gift obtain before we go!

(Exit.)

Mephistopheles.

What, presents? That is good! Success attend such lover!
Full many a pleasant spot I know,
And treasures buried long ago;
I must their secret haunts uncover.

(Exit.)

EVENING.

A small, clean chamber.

Margaret.

(Plaiting and binding up her hair.)

I'd give a deal could I but say
Who was that gentleman to-day!
So good and honest was his face,
He must have come of noble race;
I could read that in every feature—
Else had he not been such a saucy creature.

(Exit.)

Mephistopheles. Faust.

Mephistopheles.

Come in, but softly; come, I say!

Faust, (after a few moments of silence.)

Leave me alone awhile, I pray.

Mephistopheles, (prying about.)

Few girls keep things so clean away.

(Exit.)

Faust, (looking around him.)

Hail, twilight sweet, whose dusky ray
This peaceful fane but half reveals.
Pierce thou my heart, sweet pain of love, to-day,
Thou, which with dew of hope its longing heals.
How breathes around a silence holy!
What order, what content is this!
What wealth, with poverty so lowly!
Within this dungeon's dim retreat, what bliss!

*(He throws himself into the leather arm-chair which stands
beside the bed.)*

Receive me, thou, who hast in time of yore
Stretched out to joy and pain thine arms in blessing!
How oft, alas, this father-throne before,

Has paused a merry crowd, their shouts repressing!
 Perchance, while grateful for the Christchild's gift,
 My darling here, with childlike cheeks, caressing,
 Has touched her sire's thin hand with kisses swift.
 I feel, oh maid, thy spirit rare
 Of peace and order round me breathing,
 Which daily teaches thee with mother-care;
 Which on the table spreads the cloth so clean and fair,
 And at thy feet the sand, in crinkles wreathing.
 Oh dearest hand! So Godlike thou!
 The cot, through thee, a heaven becomes e'en now!
 And here!

(He lifts up the bed curtain.)

What shuddering joys each pulse elate!
 Here could I tarry hours in waiting.
 Here Nature, in mild, happy dreams creating,
 Did form an angel incarnate.
 Here lay the child, with warm life glowing
 The tender breast, a sacred shrine,
 And here, more pure and holy growing,
 Developed into form divine!

And thou? What brought thee hither, say?
 How all these thoughts my bosom sway!
 What wouldst thou here? Why grows thine heart so sore?
 Poor wretchéd Faust! I do not know thee more.
 A magic spell doth me ensnare?
 I thought to please a passing notion,
 And sink, instead, in dreams of fond devotion!
 Are we the plaything of each breath of air?

And should this moment she before thee rise,
 How would thy crime steep thee in dire confusion!
 The giant—ah, how dwarfed in size!—
 Would at her feet seek absolution.

Mephistopheles.

Be quick! I hear her step approaching.

Faust.

Hence! Hence! I'll nevermore return!

Mephistopheles.

Here is a casket she wont spurn,
Which I obtained elsewhere encroaching.
Just place it in the cupboard there.
I swear, she'll lose her head with pleasure ;
Trinkets are in it, I declare,
That would gain any maiden's treasure.
Though child is child, and play is play!

Faust.

I know not, shall I ?

Mephistopheles.

What? Delay?

Mean you to hoard the gems? Speak plainly!
In that case I your lust inveigh
To save itself the precious day,
And me the task to labor vainly.
You are no churl, I hope and pray!
I scratch my head and rub my fingers——

(He places the casket in the cupboard and closes the lock.)

Come now! Away!——

That naught within the child so gay
Contrary to your heart's wish lingers,—
While you look, for all,
As though asked to go to the lecture hall,
As if grey, living, there appeared to you
Physics, and Metaphysics too!

Come, hence!

(Exeunt.)

Margaret, (with a lamp.)

It is so sultry here, and hot——

(She opens the window.)

And yet outside 't is not so warm.
I feel I know not how, nor what—
I wish that mother would come home.
From head to foot runs over me a chill—
I'm but a silly maiden still!

(She begins to sing, while undressing.)

Once was a king in Thule,
Was true till to the grave,
To whom his mistress dying,
A golden goblet gave.

It was his greatest treasure,
 He drained it every bout,
 His eyes brimmed fullest measure
 Whene'er he drank thereout.

And when he came near dying,
 The towns of the Realm he told,
 Naught to his heir denying
 Except the goblet of gold.

At the kingly feast and wassail
 Amongst his knights sat he,
 In his grand, ancestral castle,
 Yon castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
 And drank the last life-glow,
 And hurled the sacred goblet
 Into the flood below.

He saw it falling, drinking,
 And sinking in the sea—
 His eyelids then were sinking,
 And never a drop drank he.

(She opens the cupboard to put away her clothes, and perceives the jewel box.)

Whence comes this lovely casket that I see?
 I locked the press most certainly.
 'T is wonderful indeed! What can within it be?
 Perhaps some one has pawned the thing
 To mother, who made some advance?
 Here hangs the key upon a string;
 I think I will give just one glance!—
 What's this? Good Heaven! What a sight!
 In all my days I ne'er saw such display!
 Such jewels! Why, a noble lady might
 Wear them on highest holiday.
 How would the chain fit, any way?
 Who may those splendors own, so many?

(She adorns herself with the jewels, and steps before the glass.)

The earrings I crave most, if any !
One looks at once quite different so.
What use is beauty now, or youth ?
'T is very well and good, forsooth,
But it is all we have to show ;
Half scorning, they praise our features.
Toward gold tend,
On gold depend
All things. Ah, we poor creatures!



PROMENADE.

(*Faust, walking thoughtfully to and fro. To him Mephistopheles.*)

Mephistopheles.

By every rejected passion! By Hell's fire, I cannot bear it!
I wish I knew something worse, so that I might swear it!

Faust.

What now? What gripes thee thus anew?
In all my life I never saw such features!

Mephistopheles.

I'd yield me to the devil or his creatures,
If I were not a devil too!

Faust.

Has aught within thy brain played treason?
It suits thee well, to seem bereft of reason.

Mephistopheles.

But think, the gems which we to Margaret gave,
A priest has snatched away, the knave!—
The mother haps to spy the bauble,
At once grows frightened, augurs trouble:
That woman has such very fine scent,
Sniffs through her prayer-book any event,
And scents each matter, rich or plain,
Whether the thing be holy or profane;
As to the gems, of course, she found
That not much grace in them was bound.
“My child,” cried she, “unrighteous good
Ensnares the soul and poisons the blood.
To the Virgin give it, she will hear us,
With heavenly manna she may cheer us!”
But Margaret made a face at this;
“A gift horse,” she thought, “in truth it is,
And verily, godless cannot be he
Who brought it here so cunningly.”

The mother then a parson invited,
 Who heard the joke to him recited,
 And, cunningly his joy repressing,
 Spoke thus: "'T is proper so, and right!
 Who overcometh, wins the fight.
 The Church, a healthy stomach possessing,
 Has swallowed many lands as forfeit,
 And never yet complained of surfeit;
 The Church alone, ladies, without a question,
 Has for ill-gotten gains digestion."

Faust.

This is a very common thing,
 It can be done by Jew or King.

Mephistopheles.

Then off he swept chain, armet, rings,
 As if they were but worthless things,
 And thanked them neither less nor more
 Than if a sack of nuts he bore,
 Promised them heavenly reward and rest—
 And they were much edified and blest.

Faust.

And Margaret?

Mephistopheles.

Ill at ease she grows,
 Nor what she would, nor should, she knows,
 Thinks of the jewels day and night,
 But most in the giver her thoughts delight.

Faust.

The darling's sorrow pains me sore.
 Get her some other gems, and more!
 The first gift was by far too small.

Mephistopheles.

Oh yes, 't is child's-play to your lordship all!

Faust.

And work and plan it to my will!
 Keep at her neighbor, court her still!
 Come, Devil, do not be like pap,
 But scatter new jewels in her lap!

Mephistopheles.

Yes, gracious Sir, with heartiest pleasure.

(Exit Faust.)

Such foolish swain would blow in air
Sun, moon and starlets without measure,
Just as a pastime for his lady fair!

(Exit.)



THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.

Martha, (alone.)

God pardon my dear husband, he
Has not done well at all by me!
Straight out into the world he's flown,
And leaves me on the straw alone.
I never caused him sorrow, truly,
And always, God knows, loved him duly.

(She weeps.)

Perhaps he's dead!—Oh cruel fate!—
Had I but a certificate!

(Margaret comes.)

Margaret.

Dame Martha!

Martha.

What now, Margery?

Margaret.

I scarce can keep my knees from trembling!
Within my press, the first resembling,
I've found a box of ebony,
With beautiful jewels in it, more
And costlier than those before.

Martha.

Thou must not tell this to thy mother;
To the priest she'd bring it, like the other.

Margaret.

Oh! Only look,—oh, only see!

Martha, (dressing her up.)

A happy creature thou must be!

Margaret.

But in the streets I dare not show them,
And e'en at church I must forego them.

Martha.

Come often thou to me, thy neighbor,
And wear the jewels here by stealth,
Walk for an hour before the glass, a pleasant labor,
We both rejoice in this thy wealth.
And then, occasions come, a holiday,
When by degrees one shows the folk the rich array.
A chainlet first, then the pearls for the ear;
The mother sees it not—we tell a tale—no fear!

Margaret.

But who could bring both caskets to delight me?
These strange, mysterious things affright me.

(A knock.)

Margaret.

Good God, is this my mother, say?

Martha, (peeping through the curtain.)

'T is some strange lord—come in, I pray.

(Mephistopheles enters.)

Mephistopheles.

I'm bold to break thus your seclusion,
Please, ladies, pardon the intrusion.

(He steps back reverently before Margaret.)

For Mistress Martha Schwerdtlein I'd enquire!

Martha.

'T is I. What may my lord desire?

Mephistopheles, (whispers to her.)

I know you now, 't is enough for me;
You've a visitor of high degree.
Pardon the freedom; when you're at leisure
This afternoon, I'll return at your pleasure.

Martha, (aloud.)

Just think, for all the world, my dear!
To him a lady you appear.

Margaret.

Only a poor, young child you find;
The gentleman is far too kind:
These gems and jewels are not my own.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, it is not the gems alone;
You have such manners, and a glance so proud,—
I'm glad my presence is allowed.

Martha.

What do you bring? I'd like to hear——

Mephistopheles.

Would I had news of better cheer!
Don't make me smart for 't, I entreat you:
Your husband's dead, and sends to greet you.

Martha.

Is dead! The trusty heart! Oh woe!
My husband dead! Ah, what a blow!

Margaret.

Dear Dame, come, be consoled by me!

Mephistopheles.

Hear then the mournful history!

Margaret.

Love's short-lived joy shall ne'er deceive me,
Nigh unto death such loss would grieve me.

Mephistopheles.

Joy follows woe; woe comes, each joy infesting.

Martha.

Relate his life's sad close to me!

Mephistopheles.

At Padua lies he buried, resting
Close to the Church Saint Anthony,
In consecrated ground and holy,
He found his last bed, cool and lowly.

Martha.

And have you brought no other token?

Mephistopheles.

Oh yes, one mighty, solemn prayer :
Three hundred masses buy, which for his soul be spoken!
But otherwise an empty purse I wear.

Martha.

What! Not a pocket piece! No gem!
Such as each journeyman keeps in his bag for luck,
Or for a fond remembrance took,
And never sells—begs, hungers rather?

Mephistopheles.

I'm sorry, Madam—none of them;
Yet all his money went not idly, as I gather.
His errors, too, repented he, I know,
Yea, and bewailed his fate still more, and all his woe.

Margaret.

Ah, that we mortals must such grief endure!
I will, to rest his soul, full many a prayer offer.

Mephistopheles.

You're worthy that some man should marriage proffer;
You are a lovely child, I'm sure.

Margaret.

Ah no, 't is far too early yet.

Mephistopheles.

If not a husband, then a lover get.
'T is of all the greatest heavenly blessing
Such a dear thing to hold, caressing.

Margaret.

That's not the custom of this land.

Mephistopheles.

Custom or not, 't is in demand.

Martha.

But tell me, please!

Mephistopheles.

I stood beside his bed when dying—
'T was hardly better than manure,
Of rotten straw; but still he died a Christian pure;
He found his last account was far from gratifying.
"How," cried he, "must I hate myself forever,
That from my craft, my wife, I thus did sever!
Ah! The remembrance killeth me!
Would only she forgive me while I'm living!"

Martha, (weeping.)

The dear, good man! Long since I have forgiven.

Mephistopheles.

“But yet, God knows, the greater guilt bore she!”

Martha.

He lied, then! What, so near the grave, and lying!

Mephistopheles.

He surely raved at last when he was dying,

If I but half know what is what.

“I had,” said he, “no time to pass in idle dreaming,

First babes, then bread for them was all my scheming,

Bread in its widest sense, at that;

Yet never could I eat my part without commotion.”

Martha.

Had he then all my faith forgotten, my devotion,

The drudgery by day and night?

Mephistopheles.

Nay, he did recollect, as well he might.

He said: “When I from Malta went away,

I prayed for wife and children most devoutly;

And Heaven proved our friend so stoutly,

That soon a Turkish ship became our prey,

Which had on board the Sultan’s private treasure;

And valor now received its meed.

I also did obtain a goodly measure,

As was my proper due indeed.”

Martha.

Ah, how? Ah, where? He buried and revealed it?

Mephistopheles.

Who knows where now the four winds have concealed it?

A handsome lady took of him good care,

While he, unknown, in Naples was reposing;

Of love and truth she gave him such full share,

That the result he felt till life was closing.

Martha.

The rogue! To rob his babes! To spend it!

E’en all the misery, all the woe,

Cured not his loose life, nor could mend it!

Mephistopheles.

Well, see, for that he had to go.
In your place now, I tell you plainly,
I'd mourn for him one decent year;
Meanwhile for a new love I'd seek, and not seek vainly.

Martha.

Alas, as was my first, I fear,
In this world I shall find no man as loving!
There never was a sweeter fool, I think.
True, he did love to spend his time in roving,
And foreign lasses and foreign drink,
And the accurséd game of dice.

Mephistopheles.

It would be fair and liberal dealing
Had he o'erlooked *your* every vice
On *his* part with like generous feeling.
I vow, if you such course pursue,
I would myself change rings with you.

Martha.

You're trifling, Sir, in jesting fashion.

Mephistopheles, (aside.)

But now, betimes, I haste away!
She'd even keep the devil to his say.

(To Margaret.)

And is your heart still free from passion?

Margaret.

What means the gentleman?

Mephistopheles, (aside.)

Good, guileless creature, thou!

(Aloud.)

Ladies, farewell!

Margaret.

Farewell.

Martha.

One other question, now!

Some paper I would like, attesting
Where, how, and when my husband died and now lies resting.
Law and good order have I always courted,
His death should in the papers be reported.

Mephistopheles.

Yes, lady, if two witnesses attest,
The truth is always manifest;
A comrade have I of noble condition,
Who before the judge shall make deposition;
I'll bring him here.

Martha.

Yes, do so, do.

Mephistopheles.

And this young maiden will be here, too?
A brave youth, and a traveller quite,
Who to ladies always is polite.

Margaret.

I'd blush before your friend with shyness.

Mephistopheles.

Before no King on earth, or Highness.

Martha.

Behind the house in my garden, meeting
This eve, we will give you kindly greeting.



STREET.

Faust. Mephistopheles.

Faust.

How now? What progress? Will it thrive?

Mephistopheles.

Ah, bravo! Are you all on fire?

Soon Margaret yields to your desire.

This eve you 'll meet her, so her neighbor will connive.

The dame's most suitable vocation

Is in a pimp's or gypsy's station.

Faust.

'T is well!

Mephistopheles.

Her help, though, we will have to earn.

Faust.

A favor merits a return.

Mephistopheles.

We need but make this witnessed declaration:

Her husband's stark limbs found their destination

At Padua, and rest in hallowed land.

Faust.

How shrewd! We travel first there to perform this mission?

Mephistopheles.

Sancta Simplicitas! Not this would I demand!

Without much knowledge make your deposition.

Faust.

Hast thou naught else, the plan is torn on such condition!

Mephistopheles.

Oh holy man! Now there you stand!

Is this in all your life the first temptation

To bear false witness, firm and bold?

Have you not made of God, of worlds and what they hold,

Of man, and what his head and heart moves hundred-fold,

Strong definitions and most stirring explanation,

With daring breast, courageous brow?
 And, would you truthfully express it,
 You knew as much of that, you may confess it,
 As of the death of Mr. Schwerdtlein now.

Faust.

Thou art and wilt remain a sophist, liar!

Mephistopheles.

Yes, if one did not look a little nigher!
 For on to-morrow, when thou 'st won her,
 Wilt thou not shame poor Margaret's honor,
 Yet heap thy love and vows upon her?

Faust.

And with my heart.

Mephistopheles.

Well said, forsooth!

Then of thy faith and love eternal,
 Of one vast longing, all supernal—
 Comes that, too, from thy heart, in truth?

Faust.

Leave this! It does.—When I, thus feeling,
 For all this thrill, this turmoil shrill,
 Seek names, but find none, thoughts revealing,
 Then rove throughout the world, each sense impassioned,
 Grasp after words most nobly fashioned,
 And call this glow within me burning
 An endless, never-dying yearning,
 Is this a lying fiend's game still?

Mephistopheles.

And yet I'm right!

Faust.

Now hark, I pray—

Take heed, my weary lungs to tire forbearing—
 Who will be right and wags his tongue with zest unsparing,
 Is right alway.
 And come. This chatter wakens my disgust;
 For thou art right, especially since I must.

GARDEN.

*Margaret on Faust's arm, Martha with Mephistopheles,
walking up and down.*

Margaret.

I feel the gentleman is only kind,
And shames me by his condescension.
A traveller is used, I find,
To give in kindness his attention;
I know too well that to such learned guest
My poor talk cannot be of interest.

Faust.

One glance from thee, one word more entertains,
Than all the lore this world contains.

(He kisses her hand.)

Margaret.

Don't incommode yourself! How can your lips caress it?
It is so ugly, coarse in fact!
What work have I not done! You'd never guess it!
For mother is much too exact.

(They pass on.)

Martha.

And you, dear Sir, you travel always thus?

Mephistopheles.

Alas, by work and duty are we driven!
To leave a place, what pain oft follows us!
Yet time to linger is not always given.

Martha.

When young in years it may well do
To rove the world unchecked, in joyous gladness;
But comes the time, the bad one too,
When as a bachelor one seeks his grave in sadness,
From this ne'er came a blessing true.

Mephistopheles.

I see it from afar with terror.

Martha.

Therefore, dear Sir, in time avoid that error.

(They pass on.)

Margaret.

Yes, out of sight is out of mind!
With prompt politeness you are ready;
Yet have you faithful friends and steady,
They are more clever than I, you'll find.

Faust.

Oh darling! What one takes for clever, do believe,
Is oft mere vanity and rant.

Margaret.

How so?

Faust.

Ah, that Simplicity and Innocence ne'er know
Themselves, nor their own sacred worth perceive!
That Meekness, Lowliness, each one a wonder
Which Nature works, and works it lovingly—

Margaret.

Devote you but a moment's thought to me,
I shall have time enough to think of you and ponder.

Faust.

Thou'rt oft alone, art thou?

Margaret.

Yes, small has grown our household now,
Yet wants attention, you'll allow.
We keep no maid; I cook, and have to do the sweeping,
Knit, sew,—all day upon my feet;
For mother, in all matters of housekeeping,
Is very neat!
Not that she needs to stint herself at such a rate;
Far more than others could we spend the rather:
A nice estate was left us by my father,
A house and grounds before the city-gate.
Though now my days are pretty free from trouble;

My brother is a soldier,
 My little sister's dead.
 True, with the child a dull and weary life I led;
 Yet would I gladly bear all that again, aye, double,
 So dear was she to me.

Faust.

An angel if like thee!

Margaret.

I brought her up and dearly loved she me.
 Born after father's death, she needed tending,
 For mother then we thought past mending,
 So low as she at that time lay,
 And strength returned to her but slowly, day by day.
 Of course, she could not think, thus ailing,
 To still, herself, the poor worm's wailing,
 And so I raised her all alone
 On milk and water, as my own.
 Within my arms, upon my lap,
 She smiled, kicked, grew, free from mishap.

Faust.

The purest rapture hast thou surely tasted.

Margaret.

Yet also hours in tiring labor wasted.
 The infant's crib stood during night
 Close to my bed, and stirred the little sleeper,
 I wakened, quite;
 Now must I feed her, now beside me keep her,
 Now, if not silenced, leave the bed
 And dandling walk the floor up, down, with weary tread,
 And at the wash-tub stand at morning-red;
 Then market, cooking still my work increasing,
 To-day, to-morrow, never ceasing.
 One's spirits, Sir, oft are not of the best,
 But then we relish food, we relish rest.

(*They pass on.*)

Martha.

We wretched women are in sorry plight:
 A bachelor scarce mends, it is asserted.

Mephistopheles.

It all depends on such as you, who might
Teach me how I could be converted.

Martha.

Speak plainly, Sir, have you not yet decided?
And is your heart still free and undivided?

Mephistopheles.

Well says the proverb: One's own hearth
And a good wife, all gold and pearls are worth

Martha.

I mean, have you ne'er felt an inclination?

Mephistopheles.

I've been politely met in almost every station.

Martha.

Or rather, has your heart ne'er held an earnest feeling?

Mephistopheles.

At no time should one dare to joke, with ladies dealing.

Martha.

Ah, you don't understand!

Mephistopheles.

This pains me, I concede!

I understand—that you are kind indeed.

(They pass on.)

Faust.

Thou knew'st me then, sweet angel, when I, flushing
With hope, entered this garden-nook?

Margaret.

Saw you it not? I cast my eyes down, blushing.

Faust.

And dost forgive the freedom which I took,
The boldness, modest feelings spurning,
When from the church thou wert returning?

Margaret.

I was surprised. Such thing ne'er happened me;
None could speak ill of me in manner sneering:
Alas, thought I, has he perceived adhering

Aught to me, forward or unmaidenly?
 It seemed a moment's thought that, hailing
 This wench, he would find all plain sailing.
 Yet I confess, I knew not what e'en then
 Stirred here, in your behalf, a half-waked, tender passion;
 But I was with myself most angry, when
 I could not deal with *you* in a more angry fashion.

Faust.

Sweet darling!

Margaret.

Let me see!

(She plucks a star flower and pulls off the leaves, one after another.)

Faust.

What's this? A flower from thee?

Margaret.

Nay, it is but in sport.

Faust.

How?

Margaret.

Go, you'll laugh at me.

(She continues to pull off the leaves and to whisper to herself.)

Faust.

What whisperest thou?

Margaret, (half aloud.)

He loves me—loves me not.

Faust.

Sweet face, from Heaven's purest spot!

Margaret, (continues.)

Loves me—not—loves me—not—

(Plucking off the last leaf with fond delight.)

He loves me!

Faust.

Yes, my child! And be this blossom-word
 For thee speech from the Gods! He loves thee!
 And know'st thou what it means? He loves thee!

(He grasps both her hands.)

Margaret.

What shuddering thrill!

Faust.

Oh, tremble not! May this fond glance
Tell thee,—this hand-clasp, true and tender,
What cannot be expressed:
To wholly yield oneself, and feel a rapture
Pervading, which must never end!
Never!—Its ending would be eternal despair.
No,—no ending! No ending!

*(Margaret presses his hands, frees herself and runs away.
He stands a moment lost in thought, and then follows her.)*

Martha, (coming.)

The night comes on.

Mephistopheles.

Yes, and we will depart.

Martha.

I'd ask you longer to remain here,
But this is such a very wicked mart.
It seems as if no one had naught to gain here,
Nor do no labor,
But watch the steps and doings of one's neighbor,
And one gets talked about do whatsoe'er one may.
And our young couple?

Mephistopheles.

Up yon' path I saw them going.

The playful summer birds!

Martha.

His love for her seems growing.

Mephistopheles.

And hers for him. This is the world's old way.

A SUMMER HOUSE.

Margaret runs in, hides herself behind the door, places the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.

Margaret.

He comes!

Faust, (comes.)

Ah, rogue! Thou teapest me?

Hold I thee?

(He kisses her.)

Margaret, (embracing him and returning his kiss.)

Dearest man, I love thee tenderly!

(Mephistopheles knocks.)

Faust, (stamping his foot.)

Who comes?

Mephistopheles.

A friend!

Faust.

A beast!

Mephistopheles.

To part now I exhort you.

Martha, (comes.)

Yes, it is late, my lord.

Faust.

And may I not escort you?

Margaret.

My mother would—farewell!

Faust.

May I not then remain?

Farewell!

Martha.

Adieu!

Margaret.

May we soon meet again!

(Exit Faust and Mephistopheles.)

Margaret.

Dear Heaven! What such a learned man
Can think about, and know and plan!
Before him quite ashamed stand I,
And "yes" to all things make reply.
In a poor child, untaught like me,
What can he find, or like to see!

(Exit.)



FOREST AND CAVE.

Faust, (alone.)

Spirit sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
 For which I prayed. Not for a purpose vain
 Hast thou thy countenance revealed in fire;
 Thou gav'st me glorious nature as my kingdom,
 And strength to feel, to cherish it. Not only
 Cold, wondering intercourse dost thou allow:
 Thou grantest me within its inmost breast
 To gaze, as in the bosom of a friend.
 Past me lead'st thou the throng of those that live,
 And teachest me to know my brethren, dwelling
 In silent wood, in air, or in the water.
 And howls the storm and hisses through the forest,
 The giant fir tree, crashing, neighbor branches
 And neighbor trunks with crushing might, tears down,
 And to its fall the hill responds in thunder:
 Then to the cave secure thou lead'st me, showest
 My own self unto me, when stand revealed
 The deep, mysterious wonders of my heart.
 And when the pure moon rises to my gaze
 With soothing influence, before me float,
 From rocky walls and from the forest damp,
 The silvery forms of former centuries,
 And temper meditation's fierce delight.

Oh, that no man a perfect thing can own
 I now perceive! Thou gavest to this rapture,
 Which brings me near and nearer to the Gods,
 The fell companion, whom I now no more
 Can do without, although he, cold and bold,
 Degrades me to myself, and into naught,
 With one breath of his lips, thy gifts transforms.
 He kindles in my breast a furious fire

For that enchanting vision, ne'er at peace.
 Thus from desire I stagger to enjoyment,
 And in enjoyment, languish for desire.

(*Mephistopheles comes.*)

Mephistopheles.

Hast thou now had enough of life like this?
 How canst enjoy it, dull and bitter?
 To try it once I do not think amiss,
 But then to something newer, fitter!

Faust.

I wish you'd find some other quest,
 Except to plague me here unduly.

Mephistopheles.

Well! Well! I leave thee to thy rest,
 Thou really canst not say this truly.
 The loss were small indeed—that's plain!—
 Of such a mad, rude, unkind creature.
 All day one's hands are full of work and strain!
 And what he likes, or don't like, it were vain
 To try to read it in the gent's proud feature.

Faust.

Now this is just the proper tone!
 He bores me first, then would my thanks secure.

Mephistopheles.

Without me, poor earth-child, alone,
 How couldst thou such a life endure?
 Of Fancy's nonsense, thou must own,
 I have in thy case made a perfect cure;
 And were I not, thou wouldst have gone
 And walked off from this earth-ball, sure.
 Why seek in rocky clefts, all joy dispelling,
 In caves, as does the owl, thy dwelling?
 Why draw from mouldy moss, from dripping rocks' abode
 Thy nourishment, as does the toad?
 A pastime that may well refresh!
 The doctor cleaves still to thy flesh.

Faust.

How couldst *thou* know what strength of life, what thrills,
This wandering in the wilderness instills?
Yea, couldst thou dream a like emotion,
Thou wouldst be fiend enough to grudge me my devotion.

Mephistopheles.

A heavenly joy, there 's no denying!
In night and dew upon the mountains lying,
And earth and heaven in rapt delight embracing,
Unto a Godhead rise, sight most amazing!
In yearning stress throughout earth's marrow creeping,
Upon your breast all the six days' work heaping,
In haughty strength I know not what enjoying,
Or in ecstatic love with all creation toying,
While vanished is each earthly tie,
And then, to close this intuition high—

(*With a gesture.*)

I dare not say *what* means employing!

Faust.

Shame on thee!

Mephistopheles.

What, my words art criticising?

You have the right to cry "shame," moralizing!
One may not bring to chaste ears' understanding,
From which chaste hearts refrain not, notwithstanding.
And in one word, I grudge you not this lying
To your own self—a joy most gratifying!
But long you can't endure this so.
Already feel'st thou the reaction,
And, shouldst persist in its protraction,
'T will end in madness, horror, woe.
Enough of this! Yonder thy sweetheart dwelleth,
Consumed with sad anxiety.
The thought of thee all else dispelleth:
She's overmighty fond of thee.
First came thy mad passion and all inundated,
As from the melted snow a brooklet rises high;
Within her heart it penetrated,

And now, again, *thy* brook is dry.
 Methinks, instead of in forests reigning,
 'T would well become the mighty lord
 The poor, young creature to reward
 For love so true and uncomplaining.
 All time to her grows sadly long;
 She stands at the window, views the clouds that float
 High over the ancient city-moat;
 "Would I were a little bird," so runs her song
 All day, and half the night along.
 Again she is joyful, sad most days,
 Again weeps to extreme,
 Then she is quiet, 't would seem,
 But in love always.

Faust.

Serpent! Serpent!

Mephistopheles, (aside.)

Aye, do I snare thee?

Faust.

Hence, Reprobate! Cease thine offenses,
 Nor name her whom my thoughts caress!
 The wish her sweet, fair body to possess
 Bring not again before my half-crazed senses!

Mephistopheles.

What wouldst thou then? She thinks thou 'st left her quite,
 And half and half I think she 's right.

Faust.

I 'm near her e'en when I am furthest;
 I 'll ne'er forget nor lose her, so endearing;
 Yea, I am envious of the Holy Host,
 When her sweet lips touch it meanwhile, revering.

Mephistopheles.

Quite so, my friend! I envied you, while heeding
 The twinpair under blooming roses feeding.

Faust.

Away, thou pimp!

Mephistopheles.

'T is well! You chide, I shake with laughter.

God, who made lads and lasses both,
Perceived their noblest aim, and nothing loath
Made Opportunity right after.
Come now! A great woe hovers o'er you!
Your sweetheart's room doth ope before you,
And not the grave, indeed!

Faust.

What is the heavenly joy her arms can render?
E'en on her bosom, warm and tender,
Do I not always feel her need?
Am I not fugitive, homeless, abhorrent
A monster, without aim or rest,
Who like a spring-tide sweeps from rock to rock, a torrent,
On, toward the abyss, with furious zest?
And sideways she, each childlike sense still sleeping,
Dwells in her cot upon the alpine field,
And all her homely doings keeping
Within this little world concealed.
And I, God's hate around me,
Had not enough, e'en when
I grasped the rocks that bound me,
Dashed them to fragments then!
Her, and her peace I must give to perdition!
This, Hell,—*this* sacrifice was thine ambition!
Help, Devil now, nor suffer me to languish!
What must be, let it quickly be!
Her fate upon me fall and all its anguish;
One ruin be our destiny.

Mephistopheles.

Again it seethes, again it burns!
Go in, thou fool, and comfort her!
When such a head as thine perceives no turns,
The end of things it doth infer.
Hail him who keeps his courage bright!
Thou 'rt otherwise full of all devil's daring.
I know upon this world no sorrier sight
Than is a devil, when despairing.

MARGARET'S ROOM.

*Margaret.**(Alone at the spinning wheel.)*

My rest is gone,
 My heart is sore;
 I never shall find it,
 No, nevermore!

When he is not near,
 The grave is here,
 The world has all
 Turned into gall.

My aching head
 Is senseless, crazed;
 My aching brain
 Is torn and mazed.

My rest is gone,
 My heart is sore;
 I never shall find it,
 No, nevermore!

For him, him only
 Through the pane I spy,
 For him, him only
 From home I hie.

His lordly gait,
 His noble size,
 The smile of his lips,
 The charm of his eyes,

His kindly talk 's
 Sweet, magic bliss,
 The clasp of his hand,
 And oh!—his kiss!

My rest is gone,
My heart is sore;
I never shall find it,
No, nevermore!

My bosom yearns
For him alone;
Ah! Might I clasp him
And hold and own!

And might I kiss
Him, as I would,
E'en if on his kisses
Expire I should!



MARTHA'S GARDEN.

*Margaret. Faust.**Margaret.*

Promise me, Henry—

Faust.

What I can!

Margaret.

Now say, how dwells religion in thy heart?
 Thou art a good and tender man,
 But I believe, thou hast in that small part.

Faust.

Leave this, my child! Thou feel'st, I love thee well;
 For those I love my flesh and blood I'd sell;
 I rob no one of faith or church, his spirit grieving.

Margaret.

'Tis wrong! One must accept believing!

Faust.

Must one?

Margaret.

Ah, wouldst thou in this matter hear me!
 Thou honorest not the sacraments, I fear me.

Faust.

I honor them.

Margaret.

But without partaking;
 Thou com'st not to mass or shrift, each duty ever forsaking.
 Dost thou believe in God?

Faust.

My darling, who so daring

To say, "I believe in Him?"
 Ask priest or sage, their creed declaring,
 And their response seems mockery, dim
 In its sense, to the asker.

Margaret.

Then thou dost not believe?

Faust.

Do not, sweet face, my answer misconceive!
 Who dares to name Him,
 Who to proclaim Him,
 Saying : " I believe in Him ? "

Who own a feeling,
 And dares, concealing
 It, say : " Him I do not believe ? "

The All-Enfolder,
 The All-Upholder,
 Enfolds, upholds He not
 Thee, me, Himself ?

Vaults not the heaven far up yonder ?
 Lies the earth not sound beneath us, firm ?
 And rise not, friendly gazing
 Upon us, eternal stars ?

Looks not mine eye within thine own,
 And crowds not all this
 Toward thine head and heart,
 Weaving in eternal mystery
 Invisibly, visibly, beside thee ?

Fill with it all thine heart, grand as it is,
 And when this feeling gives thee pure and rapturous bliss,
 Then name it what thou wilt ;
 Bliss name it ! Heart ! Love ! God !
 I have no name to offer
 For it ! Feeling is all ;
 But sound and smoke is Name,
 Veiling Heaven's bright glow,

Margaret.

All this is fine and good, I know ;
 In the main the priest doth say the same,
 Only with somewhat different phrases.

Faust.

Everywhere, in all places,
 All hearts beneath Heaven's bright day proclaim it,
 Each in its language doth name it ;
 Why should *I* not say it as gladly ?

Margaret.

To hear it thus, it sounds not badly,
Yet something crooked there seems to be,
For thou hast no Christianity.

Faust.

Dear child!

Margaret.

Long has it troubled me
To see thee in such company.

Faust.

How so?

Margaret.

The man who follows thee of late,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate;
In all my life naught, believe me,
Has so hurt my poor heart, doth so grieve me,
As that man's loathsome face and leer.

Faust.

Dearest sweetheart, have no fear!

Margaret.

All my blood is stirred in his presence bold.
Else, to all men good-will I hold;
But, much as the yearning to see thee sways me,
A mysterious fear of that man dismays me;
And I think him a knave, too, verily!
If I do him wrong, God pardon me!

Faust.

Such chaps, too, must be tolerated.

Margaret.

With the like of him I'd not be mated!
When he but enters through the door,
He looks so sneeringly all o'er,
And half in rage;
One sees there can't nothing his interest engage;
'T is writ on his brow, his every feature,
That he may not love a single creature.
I feel so happy in thine arm,
So free, so yielding-all, so warm,
And yet his presence seems my very soul to cow.

Faust.

Thou pure, foreboding angel, thou!

Margaret.

This overcomes me so much,
That, when he steps to us, or near me,
My love for thee no longer seemeth such.
I could not pray when he is by, I fear me;
And this eats deep into my heart;
Thou, Henry, too, must feel the smart.

Faust.

Thou hast now this antipathy!

Margaret.

But I must go.

Faust.

When giv'st thou me
One quiet hour when, by love's passion captured,
Breast seeketh breast, and my soul thine, enraptured?

Margaret.

Alas, if I but slept alone!
I'd draw the bolt to-night for thee, my lover;
But light my mother's sleep has grown,
And, should she both of us discover,
I think I'd die upon the spot.

Faust.

Thou angel, fear this matter not.
Here is a phial! Three drops, well told,
If in her drink thou pourest,
Then deepest sleep her senses will enfold.

Margaret.

What would I not, if thou implorest!
No harm will come if I should use it?

Faust.

Would, sweetheart, otherwise I choose it?

Margaret.

If I but see thee, dearest one,
I do not know what bids me do thy will;

So much for thee already have I done,
That little's left me that I can fulfill.

(*Exit.*)

(*Mephistopheles enters.*)

Mephistopheles.

The monkey! Is she gone?

Faust.

Hast played the spy anew?

Mephistopheles.

I've heard it all; I'll not deny it;
The doctor has been catechised all through;
I hope you may gain profit by it!
The lasses show concern and interest, too,
To know if one is pious, as of old;
Obeyes he *there*, they think, their influence will hold.

Faust.

Thou monster never canst conceive
That this dear soul, in tender passion,
Filled with firm faith—the one
She can believe
Salvation—grieves and frets in holy fashion,
Lest she should hold the man she loves, as lost, undone.

Mephistopheles.

Thou sensual Supersensualist!
A maiden leads thee by the nose.

Faust.

Cross between filth and fire—desist!

Mephistopheles.

And next, how thoroughly physiognomy she knows!
For when I am but near, she feels "she knows not how,"
My little mask doth hidden sense foretell;
She thinks that surely I'm a genius now,
Perhaps the very Devil from Hell.
And so, to-night — ?

Faust.

What's that to thee?

Mephistopheles.

Joy does it also bring to me!

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Margaret and Lisbeth, with pitchers.

Lisbeth.

Hast heard the news of Barbara's fate?

Margaret.

No, not a word. I visit folks but rarely.

Lisbeth.

Sybil to-day has told me squarely:

She, too, has fooled herself of late.

That comes from taking airs.

Margaret.

How so?

Lisbeth.

It stinks!

She feeds two when she either eats or drinks.

Margaret.

Ah!

Lisbeth.

Her pay she's got, and her undoing!

How long has she the fellow been pursuing!

Such walking and strolling,

To village and dance cajoling!

The first she must be everywhere,

She was treated to sweetmeats and wine at each fair;

Naught could with her beauty, she thought, compare,

Yet was she so lost to all sense of honor

As to take the gifts he heaped upon her.

Such kissing and fondling, off and on;

And now, of course, the flower is gone!

Margaret.

The poor, poor thing!

Lisbeth.

What? Wouldst thou pity her?

When at the spinning-wheel we were,

And mother kept us nights from off the street,
 She stood beside her lover sweet;
 On the door bench, in the dark hall, too,
 The hours to them ne'er weary grew.
 So now may she creep in the dirt,
 Doing penance in the sinner-shirt.

Margaret.

He takes her most surely for his wife.

Lisbeth.

He'd be a fool! A lad of wit
 Has chances everywhere to flit;
 And then he's gone.

Margaret.

That is not fair.

Lisbeth.

Should she get him, she shall have a scare.
 Her garland the boys will tear in two,
 And before her door the chaff will we strew.

(Exit.)

Margaret, (going home.)

How could I chide, when some poor maiden
 Erewhile with shame like this was laden!
 How could I speak of others' failings
 With scathing tongue and scornful railings!
 Black as it seemed, I blacked it still,
 But ne'er as black as I did will,
 And blessed myself and was so proud,—
 And now my own sin cries aloud!
 Yet—all that brought this evil near,
 God, was so good! Ah, was so dear!

UNDER A GATEWAY.

In a niche in the wall an image of the Mater Dolorosa; flower-pots before it.

Margaret.

(Places fresh flowers in the pots.)

Oh, incline
Thou, rich in sorrow,
Unto my woe thy countenance benign!

Sword-pierced, heart-broken,
With pangs unspoken,
Thou gazest at thy son, dead, but divine.

To the Father turning
Thou sighest, mourning
O'er his sad suffering and thine.

Who can conceive it,
Who believe it,
The pain that eats my flesh and bone?
Why my heart its terror utters,
Why it yearns, and why thus flutters,
Thou dost know, and thou alone!

Or coming now, or going,
What woe, what woe is growing
Within my bosom here!
Alone, with anguish throbbing,
I'm sobbing, sobbing, sobbing,
My heart nigh breaks with fear.

The flowers before the window
My tears bedewed—ah me!—
As early in the morning
I gathered them for thee.

When in my chamber, brightened,
The early sun-rays came,
Sat on my couch I, frightened,
And moaning, in my shame.

Help! Rescue me from death, from doom malign!

Oh, incline
Thou, rich in sorrow,
Unto my woe thy countenance benign!



NIGHT.

Street before Margaret's door.

Valentine.

(A soldier, Margaret's brother.)

Whene'er I sat at a drinking bout,
 Where many a one did brag and shout,
 And where the comrades praised aloud
 The prettiest maidens of the crowd,
 And drank a bumper as they praised,
 Half-leaning on their elbows raised:
 I sat and listened quite at rest
 To what those braggarts there confessed,
 And stroked my beard in smiling mood,
 And took the brimming glass in hand,
 And said: "All this is very good!
 But is there one in all the land
 To equal Margaret? One who dare
 To her a candle hold,—with her compare?"
 Top! Top! Cling! Clang! The glasses rang!
 "He's right," full many a trooper cried,
 "Of all her sex she is the pride!"
 And dumb sat all that swaggering gang.
 And now?—I could tear my hair in passion,
 And climb up the walls in furious fashion!—
 With sneers and taunts they all will quit me,
 And every villain of them twit me!
 Like to a sorry debtor sitting,
 Each idle word will set me sweating!
 And should I thrash them, one or many,
 I could not give the lie to any.

But what comes yonder? Who sneaks there?
 If I mistake not, two, I swear!
 If *he's* one, by his skin I'll pin him;
 He'll not go hence with life within him!

Faust. Mephistopheles.

Faust.

As from yon window of the sacristry
The ever-burning lamp sends forth its glimmer,
And sideways glows, but dim and dimmer,
While darkness all around doth lie:
So, like the night, my heart is cheerless.

Mephistopheles.

And I am like the tom-cat, fearless,
That o'er the long fire-ladders creeps,
And softly round the walls then sweeps.
I am quite virtuous in my mind,
A little thievish, and to wantonness inclined.
In all my limbs I feel it stirring,
The gay Walpurgis-Night so near.
Another day sees it recurring:
Why one wakes *then*, is very clear.

Faust.

Meanwhile, may not the treasure rise to sight,
Which yonder glows with glistening light?

Mephistopheles.

Shortly thou canst enjoy that pleasure,
Lifting the kettle with its treasure.
I took a squint the other day:
Brimful the lion-dollars lay.

Faust.

And not a jewel, not a ring,
To adorn my sweetheart, her charms enhancing?

Mephistopheles.

I think I saw just such a thing,
A chain of pearls, with pale lustre glancing.

Faust.

That's right! It always hurts me sore,
When without a present I seek her door.

Mephistopheles.

Still, you are foolish in delaying
To gain enjoyment without paying.

But now, while glows in heaven the starry throng,
 To this true work of art please hearken:
 I sing for her a moral song,
 The surer all her sense to darken.

(Sings to the cither.)

What dost thou here,
 His door so near,
 Kathrina dear,
 So early in the morning?
 Shun, shun the sin!
 He lets thee in,
 As maid lets in,
 But not as maid returning!

Beware, beware!
 Once done, despair
 Is all thy share:
 Good night to thee, poor thing!
 Feel'st thou love's pain,
 Ne'er to a swain
 Grant tender gain,
 But with the wedding-ring.

Valentine, (steps forward.)

Whom lur'st thou here? By th' element!
 Accursed rat-catcher thou! Perdition!
 To the Devil first the instrument,
 To the Devil, then, with the musician!

Mephistopheles.

The cither lies in two! No use to linger o'er it.

Valentine.

And next thy skull shall suffer for it!

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

Doctor, no flinching! Up, alive!
 Keep close to me that I can lead you!
 Out with your goosewing! To the strife!
 Thrust! I shall parry! On, I speed you!

Valentine.

Then parry that!

Mephistopheles.

Why should I not?

Valentine.

That too?

Mephistopheles.

Of course!

Valentine.

The Devil's in the plot!

What is all this? My hand's already lame!

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

Thrust home!

Valentine, (falls.)

Oh God!

Mephistopheles.

Now is the lubber tame!

But come! We must now vanish in a hurry;

Already rises there a murderous cry—

I know how one may the police defy,

But Penal Courts keep me in fright and worry.

Martha, (at the window.)

Come out! Come out!

Margaret, (at the window.)

Quick, bring a light!

Martha, (as above.)

They rail and scuffle, shout and fight!

People.

Already one lies slain!

Martha, (coming out.)

The murderers, whither have they run?

Margaret, (coming out.)

Who lies here?

People.

Thy own mother's son.

Margaret.

Almighty God, what pain!

Valentine.

I'm dying!—'Tis a soon told tale,

And sooner done, I fear.

Why stand there, dames, and howl and wail?

List to my say—draw near.

(They all gather around him.)

My Margaret, see, still young art thou,

And not half smart enough, I vow;

Thy trade's in sorry plight.

In confidence I speak to thee:

Since thou *didst* choose a whore to be,

Why, be one then, outright!

Margaret.

My brother!—God! Such words to me?

Valentine.

In this farce let our Lord God be!

What's done, alas! is even done,

And that which shall be, follows on.

With one in secret *didst* commence,

Soon others come, in consequence,

And, when a dozen were with thee,

For all the town wilt ready be.

When shame first to the light comes stealing,

She's brought in secret to the world,

And then the veil of night's unfurled,

Her head and ears concealing;

Yea, of murder one thinketh sedately.

But, when she grows and flaunts quite gay,

Uncovered struts she past by day,

Yet is not the least bit more stately.

The more her face becomes a fright,

The more she seeks the broad daylight.

E'en now I see the time, I think,

When all the honest burghers shrink

Appalled, as from a corpse infected,

From thee, thou jade, by all rejected.

Thy wretched heart shall sore affright thee,

If they but look thee in the face!—

No golden chain henceforth delight thee,

Nor at the altar shalt find grace!—
 No handsome laces shall bedight thee,
 Nor merry dances e'er invite thee!—
 But in some dark hole shalt secrete thee,
 With none but beggars and cripples to meet thee!—
 And, even should God pardon thee,
 On Earth accursed forever be!

Martha.

Commend your soul to the Redeemer!
 Would you add slander, you blasphemer?

Valentine.

Could I but at thy withered frame,
 Vile, bawdy hag, lost to all shame,
 I'd hope for pardon and remission
 Of all my sins without contrition.

Margaret.

My brother! Oh, what hellish pain!

Valentine.

I tell thee, all thy tears are vain!
 When thou thy honor didst forego,
 Thou gav'st my heart its deepest blow.
 I go, through slumber of the grave,
 To God—a soldier—fearless—brave.

(Dies.)



CATHEDRAL.

High Mass, Organ and Hymn. Margaret among many people. The Evil Spirit behind Margaret.

Evil Spirit.

How different, Margaret, was it,
 When thou, all innocent,
 Here to the altar cam'st,
 From the thumb'd little prayer-book
 Thy prayers didst prattle,
 Half childish play,
 Half God in thy heart!
 Margaret!
 Where dwells thy thought?
 Within thy heart
 What fearful crime?
 Pray'st for the soul of thy poor mother, who
 Through thee in lasting pain, forever, yonder sleeps?
 Upon thy threshold, whose the blood?
 And stirs not beneath thy heart
 That which, with quickening life,
 Frightens thee and itself
 With its misgiving presence?

Margaret.

Woe! Woe!
 Could I free me of these thoughts
 Which cross my brain hither and thither,
 Against my will!

Chorus.

Dies irae, dies illa
 Solvet saeculum in favilla.

(*Organ.*)

Evil Spirit.

Perdition seizes thee!
 The trumpet calls!
 The graves tremble!
 And thy heart,

From ashy rest
To flaming torments
Newly created,
Quivers into life!

Margaret.

Would I were hence!
I feel as if the organ's sound
Stifled the breath in me,
The hymn my heart
In its depths dissolved.

Chorus.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Margaret.

It is so close!
The lofty pillars
Surround me!
The gloomy vault
Presses down!—Air!

Evil Spirit.

Hide thee! Sin and shame
Remain not hidden.
Air? Light?
Woe unto thee!

Chorus.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Evil Spirit.

Their faces away
From thee turn the Blessed!
Hands to stretch out to thee
The Pure shudderingly refuse!
Woe!

Chorus.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Margaret.

Neighbor! Your salts!

(She faints.)

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

Hartz Mountains. District of Schirke and Elend.

Faust. Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.

Would not a broomstick suit thee to perfection?
The sturdiest he-goat I would like to ride.
Our goal lies far if we take this direction.

Faust.

While yet my legs are fresh, up this rough mountain-section
This knotty stick my steps will guide.
What need to shorten thus the way!
Now labyrinthine valleys gladly hailing,
Then yonder rocky hillock scaling,
From which the brooklet falls in misty spray,
That is the joy which seasons such a day!
Spring thrills the birches with its presage,
And e'en the pine tree lists its call;
Should not our limbs, too, heed the tender message?

Mephistopheles.

In truth, I feel it not at all!
My body wintry pleasures prizes;
Frost I desire upon my road, and snow.
—How sadly, incomplete and lurid rises
The red moon's orb with dim, belated glow,
And shines so faintly, that each onward movement
Brings one against a rock, against a tree!
A will-o'-th'-wisp were an improvement!
I see one yonder, burning merrily.
Hallo! My friend! Wilt give us thine assistance?
Why flicker vainly in the distance?
Be kind enough to light us up this height!

Will-o'-th'-wisp.

Through reverence, I hope, I shall be able
To force my nature so unstable;
In zig-zag courses we take much delight.

Mephistopheles.

So, so! He would Mankind ape in this matter!
Walk straight in th' fiend's name! Or I'll shatter
Your flickering, trembling little life in twain!

Will-o'-th'-wisp.

I see, you are the lord of the domain,
And I will serve you with elation.
But that, to-day, the mount is magic-mad, you know,
And if a will-o'-th'-wisp is forced the roads to show,
Then *you* must show some toleration.

Faust. Mephistopheles. Will-o'-th'-wisp.
(*In alternating song.*)

Spheres of dreams and magic safely
Have we entered; do thou speed us!
Serve with credit, guide us bravely,
That our course may onward lead us
'Long the wide, the desert border!

See, the trees in endless order
Hurry past in swift gyration;
Mark the cliff's bold inclination,
And the rocky noses showing,—
List' their snoring, list' their blowing!

O'er the stones, through heather flowing,
Brook and brooklet are descending.
Hear I murmurs? Songs ascending?
Hear I love-plaints? 'T is a vision,
Voices of those days elysian?
Sounds of hope, of love's devotion!
And the echo, like tradition
Of old times, comes faintly blending.

Uhu! Shoo-hoo! Nearer sounding!
Screech-owls, plovers, jays abounding!
Are they all awake, in motion?
Is 't the lizard here that rushes
Paunchy, long-legged, through the bushes?

And the roots, like serpents, scare us,
 Twist from rock and sand, unravel
 Uncouth fetters from the gravel,
 To affright us, to ensnare us;
 Forth, from sturdy knots unfurling,
 They stretch polyp-fibres, curling
 'Round the wanderer. Mice in legions,
 Thousand-colored, through the regions
 Of the moor and heath are bounding!
 And the glow-worms fly before us,
 Crowding, swarming, hover o'er us
 As an escort all-confounding.

Say now, do we rest, unknowing,
 Or progress, still onward going?
 All seems turning, flying, glowing:
 Rocks and trees, that make queer faces,
 Aimless lights, that fill all spaces,
 Each increasing still, and growing!

Mephistopheles.

Grasp my cloak with all thy powers!
 Here a middle-summit towers,
 Where one sees with wond'ring gaze
 Mammon in the mount ablaze.

Faust.

How strangely through the gorges glances
 A faint, dim gleam like flush of day!
 Down the abyss it quivers, dances,
 And sheds in deepest clefts a ray.
 Here gases float, and vapors yonder,
 There shines a glow through fog and mists;
 Here like a slender thread doth wander,
 Then like a spring it leaps and twists.
 Here, o'er a vast expanse, it scatters
 In hundred veins along the vale,
 And here the narrow corner shatters
 The glistening sheen far down the trail.
 There dance the sparks their fairy mazes,

Like golden sand by breezes blown ;
 But look! The rocky mountain blazes
 And bursts in flame from every stone.

Mephistopheles.

Has not, upon this gay occasion
 His house Sir Mammon grandly lit?
 'T is lucky, thou hast witnessed it;
 E'en now I feel the frantic guests' invasion.

Faust.

How through the air the stormwinds rave!
 And how they strike my neck with force unbounded!

Mephistopheles.

Grasp firmly thou the rock's old ribs, time-founded!
 Else they will hurl thee down, into this gulf's dark grave.
 A vapor thickens the night.
 Hark, how the storms the forest smite!
 Frightened, the owls are scattered.
 Hark, the columns are shattered,
 Evergreen palaces wrecking.
 Branches are moaning and breaking!
 The trunks sonorously droning!
 The roots sharply creaking and groaning!
 In horrible chaos, each smashing
 The other, together they 're crashing,
 And through the wreck and ruin-filled abysses
 The tempest surges and hisses.
 Hear'st thou voices o'er us pealing?
 Now afar, now nearer stealing?
 Yea, the mountain all along
 Streams a furious, magical song!

Witches in Chorus.

The witches on the Brocken convene,
 The stubble is yellow, the crop is green.
 The mighty throngs there gather and brawl,
 Sir Urian thrones o'er them all.
 Thus haste we over stone and stock;
 It —s the witch, it —s the buck.

A Voice.

Old Baubo comes alone with speed.
A farrow sow is her willing steed.

Chorus.

Then honor, to whom honor is due!
Dame Baubo first, to lead the crew!
Old mother upon a good old sow,
All witches follow quickly now.

A Voice.

Which road didst thou come?

A Voice.

Over the Ilsenstone!
There I looked in the nest where the owl lay prone.
What big eyes she opened!

A Voice.

To hell with thy banter!
Why so fiercely dost canter!

A Voice.

She 's hurt me, in speeding—
See the wounds, how they 're bleeding!

Witches. (Chorus.)

The road is broad, the road is long;
What crazy crowd are we among?
It pricks the fork, it chafes the broom,
The child is stifled, bursts the womb.

Wizards. (Semi-Chorus.)

We creep along with snail-like tread,
The women, as usual, are ahead.
For when the road to the Devil we tread
The woman is thousand steps ahead.

The Other Half.

We take it not exactly so:
With thousand steps a woman may go;
Yet, howsoever she may run,
Man with *one* leap the feat has done.

Voice, (above.)

Come on, come on, from Rocky Lake!

Voices, (from below.)

We would gladly follow in your wake,
We wash and are clean from every stain,
But barren we are, and so remain.

Both Choruses.

The wind is hushed, the starlets fly,
The lurid moon hides in the sky;
And whizzing past, the magic choir
Emits a thousand sparks of fire.

Voice, (from below.)

Tarry! Tarry!

Voice, (from above.)

Who calls here from this rocky quarry?

Voice, (below.)

Take me too! Take me too!
I'm climbing now three hundred years,
And cannot reach the summit yonder.
Would like among my mates to wander.

Both Choruses.

The besom carries, and carries the stock,
The dung-fork carries, it carries the buck.
Who cannot raise himself to-night,
Is ever a lost and ruined wight.

Half-Witch, (below.)

I trip behind, full many a day;
How far the others are away!
I have at home nor rest nor cheer,
And cannot gain it even here.

Witches' Chorus.

The salve we witches gladly hail,
Each rag doth make a goodly sail,
Each trough becomes a ship, we trow!
He never flies, who flies not now.

Both Choruses.

And when the summit we surround,
Then fly ye low along the ground,
The heather cover far and near
With witchhood's rabble everywhere.

(*They settle along the ground.*)

Mephistopheles.

That crowds and pushes, slides and rattles,
That hisses, twirls and moves and prattles,
That flames, shines, burns with horrid scent,
A real witches' element!
Keep close! Or we might part by accident.
Where art thou?

Faust, (in the distance.)

Here!

Mephistopheles.

What! Yonder dost thou sport now?

To house-right I must then resort now.

—Give way! Sir Voland comes! Give way, sweet folk, give
way!

Here, Doctor, close to me! Now, one good leap, away,
And let us from this throng retire;
It is too mad to suit e'en *my* desire.
Aside there, something shines with most peculiar glow;
Those bushes draw me nigh and nigher.
Come, come! We'll crawl in here below.

Faust.

Spirit of Contradiction! On! I'll follow after.
I think that thy ideas are very bright;
The Brocken we ascend upon Walpurgis-Night,
To isolate ourselves, away from mirth and laughter.

Mephistopheles.

But see those motley flames ascending!
A joyous club is here attending.
One's not alone with two or three.

Faust.

Above there I would rather be!
 Glow comes, and whirling smoke, to view.
 Crowds gather, Satan in the middle;
 There must be solved full many a riddle.

Mephistopheles.

Yet many a riddle is given, too.
 Let thou the great world surge and riot!
 We will here house ourselves in quiet.
 Since ancient times it has been said,
 That in the larger world the little worlds are made.
 Young witches here undressed and nude you see,
 And old ones who, more cunning, veil them.
 Be kind for my sake; come, don't fail them!
 The labor's small, great is the glee.
 I hear a sound like instruments a-playing!
 Cursed noise! One must get used to all their braying.
 Come on! Come on! Denial must not be;
 Advancing first, I show the way to thee,
 And thus renew thine obligation.
 What now? This is no little space, my friend.
 Look all around! Scarcely thou seest the end!
 A hundred fires burn on this elevation;
 They dance, they talk, they cook, drink and embrace;
 Now tell me, where on earth's a better place?

Faust.

And wilt thou now, to gain for us admission,
 Assume the part of devil or magician?

Mephistopheles.

Though I am very apt to go incognito,
 On such a gala-day one must one's orders show.
 The garter does not deck my knee,
 Yet is the cloven foot the mark that honors me.
 Seest thou yon snail approach? Slowly the road it paces,
 And with its groping, prying face
 My real nature scents and trates.
 I cannot, if I would, hide here my race.

Come, come! From fire to fire we'll stroll and wander;
Thou art the bridegroom, I the willing pander.

(To some who are sitting around dying embers.)

Ye ancient Sirs, why leave all fun behind ye?
I'd praise ye if among its very midst I'd find ye,
Where joy and youth 'mid revels roam;
Sufficiently alone is every one at home.

General.

Who may on nations place his credence!
No matter what one did for them of yore!
For they, like women, give precedence
To youth above all else, forevermore.

Minister.

Far, far away from all that's right are men;
I praise the ancient ones, and duly;
When we were all in all, then, truly,
The proper Golden Age was *then*.

Parvenu.

We were ourselves no fools, I vow,
To do what we ought not, were always ready;
But everything turns topsy turvy now,
Just when we wished to hold it firm and steady

Author.

Who, nowadays, doth read a solid book
Of average sense and of astuteness?
And as regards the dear young people—look,
They ne'er, as now, were of such pert acuteness.

Mephistopheles.

(Who all at once appears very old.)

I find the people ripe for Judgment Day;
Since for the last time I ascend the witches' mountain,
And, since my cask runs muddy, say
That nigh its dregs is our world's fountain.

Frippery-Witch.

Ye gentlemen, don't pass me by!
Most rare's the chance which I here mention!
Look at my chattels with attention,

For many things here stand and lie.
 Yet is there naught in this collection
 —Its like on earth you cannot find—
 Which has not breathéd foul infection
 Upon the world and on mankind.
 No dirk is here unstained with blood, and gleaming
 No cup, from whence, to red and healthy lips upborne,
 I have not seen fell poison streaming;
 No gem, which has not caused sweet maids to mourn;
 No sword, that hath not its allegiance broken,
 Hath pierced not from behind its foe in vengeful token.

Mephistopheles.

Dear aunt, the times are past your understanding.
 What's done, is past! What's past, is done!
 New things the people are demanding!
 The New alone can draw us on.

Faust.

Now may I keep my wits from straying!
 This *is* a fair, there's no gainsaying!

Mephistopheles.

The whirlpool upwards tends, and going
 Thou seemst to shove, but art shoved without knowing.

Faust.

But who is this?

Mephistopheles.

Closely observe her—look!

'T is Lilith.

Faust.

Who?

Mephistopheles.

The first wife Adam took.

Beware of her fair hair's bright, golden tresses,
 Unrivalled she this ornament doth own;
 If once a youth beneath its spell is thrown,
 He will not soon escape her vile caresses.

Faust.

These two, the old one sitting by the younger,
 Have danced, it seems, till they can dance no longer.

Mephistopheles.

None rest to-day. They now begin
Another dance; come on, we also will join in.

Faust, (dancing with the young one.)

A lovely dream once came to me,
In which I saw an apple-tree;
Two apples gleamed there, fair and sweet,
They charmed me so, I climbed to eat.

The Fair One.

The apples you have fancied much,
Since Paradise created such.
I'm moved with pleasure through and through,
Because my garden bears them too.

Mephistopheles, (with the old one.)

A nasty dream once came to me,
In which I saw a riven tree;
It had a — — —
— as it was, it charmed my soul.

The Old One.

I give my most profound salute
Unto the Knight of the cloven foot!
And may he have a — at hand,
If he — — — can stand.

Proktophantasmist.

Accurséd rabble here, how do you dare?
Was it not long since demonstrated
That ghosts were without real feet created?
Now dance you e'en, like mortals, I declare!

The Fair One, (dancing.)

At this our ball what does he there?

Faust, (dancing.)

Oh, he is haply everywhere.
What others dance, he must berate it,
Must criticise each step, debate it,
Or else that step is not considered done.
His rage is most inflamed when we move forward, on!
Consent to circle in the same rotation,

And walk, like him, the same tread-mill in vain,
That might perhaps his praises gain—
Especially should you give him courteous salutation.

Proktophantasmist.

And do ye still remain? 'T is an unheard-of thing!
Come, vanish all! Did we not progress bring?
The devil's pack! Nor rules nor orders daunt it!
We are so wise, yet Tegel—why, ghosts haunt it.
How have I swept away the follies tho' they cling!
'T will ne'er be clean; 't is an unheard-of thing.

The Fair One.

Cease now to bore us here with your complaining!

Proktophantasmist.

I tell you, spirits, whose face I brave:
No spirit-despotism will I have;
My spirit cannot bring it into training.

(The dance continues.)

Success, I see, will not to-day attend me;
A journey, though, I always gladly make,
And hope, before the final step I take,
To conquer fiends and poets who offend me.

Mephistopheles.

Soon you will hear him in a puddle, wailing,
It is the way in which relief he seeks;
And when upon his breech the leeches are regaling,
He's cured of Spirit, and of spirits' freaks.

(To Faust, who has left the dance.)

Wherefore dost thou forsake the pretty maiden,
Who to the dance so sweetly sang?

Faust.

Ah, in the midst of song there sprang
A scarlet mouse out of her mouth. Perdition!

Mephistopheles.

A great thing, this! Don't think about it, pray;
Enough if that mouse were not gray.
Who minds such trifles in love's hour elysian?

Then saw I——

Faust.

Mephistopheles.

What?

Faust.

Mephisto, seest thou stand
A pallid, lovely child, alone, forsaken, yonder?
Slowly she glides o'er rock and sand,
With fettered feet she seems to wander.
I must confess, in her I see
A likeness to good Margery.

Mephistopheles.

Leave that alone! No use to dwell thereon.
It is a magic shape, lifeless, an eidolon.
Such to encounter is not good;
Its numbing gaze benumbs the human blood,
And nearly turns one into stone:
Medusa's story is to thee well known.

Faust.

True, these are eyes that death set wildly staring,
No kindly hand-touch they enjoyed;
That is the breast I touched with love's fond daring,
That is the body sweet with which I toyed.

Mephistopheles.

That is the witchery, thou easily tempted fool!
For each thinks her his sweetheart as a rule.

Faust.

What joy, what woe arise before me!
Her gaze doth cast a glamour o'er me!—
Strangely surrounds this neck so white and fair
A scarlet ribbon, brightly gleaming,
Not broader than a knife-blade seeming.

Mephistopheles.

Quite right! I also see it there.
Oft 'neath her arm she bears her head all gory,
For Perseus lopped it, runs the story.
—This self-same folly moves thee still?—

Come, let us climb this little hill!
 As in the Prater, fun grows thicker,
 And, if no spells my senses thrill,
 I see a theatre,—come, quicker!
 What's doing here?

Servibitis.

Right soon we'll show our skill,
 A novel piece, the last of seven, note it;
 To give as many here is nothing new.
 A clever dilettante wrote it,
 And dilettanti act it, too.
 Excuse me, Sirs, that now I vanish;
 As dilettante I the curtain raise.

Mephistopheles.

When ye yourselves upon the Blocksberg banish,
 I find it good, for that's your proper place.



WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM,
OR
OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Intermezzo.

Theater Machinist.

Mieding's brave sons rest to-day;
Used is no machinery.
Vale and mountain in this play
Are all the needed scenery.

Herald.

That the wedding golden be,
Must fifty years have vanished;
I'd like the "golden" now to see,
Since quarrels have been banished.

Oberon.

Spirits, are ye near to me,
Then show it now, delighted!
King and Queen right lovingly
Are newly reunited.

Puck.

Now comes Puck and whisks so queer
And moves his feet in dances;
Hundreds after him appear,
Whom such joy, too, entrances.

Ariel.

Ariel doth start the song
In heavenly chords, and thrilling,
Ugly ones he lures along,
And beauties follow willing.

Oberon.

Couples, would you live agreeing,
Take this information:
Would you love, with all your being,
First try a separation.

Titania.

Growls the man, and pouts the dame,
 Haste then, nor longer tarry:
 Lead her to the southward far,
 Him to the North Pole carry.

Orchestra Tutti, (Fortissimo.)

Fly nose and mosquito snout,
 With every near relation,
 Frog and cricket hereabout,
 Music is your vocation!

Solo.

See, the bagpipe comes—alack!
 A bubble soap-inflated!
 How the “schnecke, schnicke, schnack,”
 From out its nose is grated.

Spirit, (just growing into form.)

Spider's foot and paunch of toad
 And winglets give the creature!
 While animal it may not be,
 'T may bear a poem's feature.

A little Pair.

Little step and lofty spring
 Through honey-dew and sweetness;
 Though thou trip'st and triest thy wing,
 Thou 'lt never gain true fleetness.

Inquisitive Traveller.

Is this a masquerading fraud?
 Can eyes deceive, I wonder?
 Oberon, the handsome God,
 To-day I find, too, yonder?

Orthodox.

Neither claws nor tail I see!
 Yet, being at this revel,
 Like to “the Gods of Greece,” so he
 Must doubtless be a devil.

Northern Artist.

That which as sketch I seize to-day,
 I'll later on unravel;
 I but prepare myself the way
 For my Italian travel.

Purist.

Ah, bad luck has brought me here:
 What shameful orgies, truly!
 Of all the witches, far or near,
 But two are powdered duly.

Young Witch.

The powder is, like petticoat,
 For women old and ugly;
 Hence I sit naked on my goat
 And show my body, snugly.

Matron.

Too much of courtesy have we
 To quarrel, vile words plotting;
 But young and tender though you be,
 I hope to see you rotting.

Leader of the Band.

Fly nose and mosquito snout,
 The Naked One surround not!
 Frog and cricket hereabout,
 The proper time confound not!

Weathercock, (toward one side.)

In every way a tempting clan!
 And each a bride, I swear it!
 And bachelors also, man for man,
 All hopeful, I declare it!

Weathercock, (toward the other side.)

And if the earth doth open not
 And each of them then swallow,
 I'll hasten quickly from this spot
 In deepest hell to wallow!

Xenies.

Insect-like we here appear,
 Small, sharp scissors wielding,
 Satan, our papa so dear,
 Filial worship yielding.

Hennings.

See how in crowded groups they stand
 And sport, naively joying!
 Perhaps they 'll say their hearts expand
 In goodness—'t is annoying!

Musagetes.

This witches' army here among
 His way one gladly loses;
 For them I'd rather lead along
 Than any of the Muses.

Ci-devant Genius of the Age.

With proper people, up one goes!
 Hold on, with grasp tenacious!
 Like the German Parnassus, the Brocken shows
 A summit broad and spacious.

Inquisitive Traveller.

Say, who is the stiff, proud man?
 He stalks with lordly paces,
 He snuffles whatsoever he can:
 "The Jesuits he traces."

Crane.

I like to fish in mud and mire,
 And also in clear ditches;
 Therefore you see the pious squire
 Consort with fiends and witches.

Worldling.

Yea, to the pious, it is clear,
 Naught causes apprehension;
 They form upon the Blocksberg here
 Full many a convention.

Dancer.

Here comes a novel choir, indeed!
 Afar, I hear drums sounding;
 "Don't be alarmed; 't is in the reed,
 The Bitterns' tuneless pounding."

Dancing-Master.

How each one's legs move o'er the ground,
 Escapes then, with composure!
 The cripples jump, the plump ones bound,
 Nor do they mind exposure.

Fiddler.

The rabble shows its hate and spite,
 Fell murder's their desire;
 The brutes the bagpipes now unite
 As once did Orpheus' lyre.

Dogmatist.

I will not thus my faith abjure,
 Through doubts, or critics' cavils.
 The Devil must be something, sure,
 How, else, could there be devils?

Idealist.

Wild phantasy doth rule my brain,
 For once holds it subjected;
 Forsooth! If I'm all this, 't is plain
 With madness I'm infected.

Realist.

These doings make me greatly vexed,
 I'm fretted much already;
 Now, first, I find myself perplexed,
 My feet no longer steady.

Supernaturalist.

With much delight I here intrude,
 Rejoiced at their persistence;
 For by the devils I conclude
 Good spirits have existence.

Sceptic.

They look for flames, and search and climb
 Some treasure to discover,
 With "devil" only "doubt" doth rhyme;
 Hence I am here in clover.

Leader of the Band.

Frog and cricket hereabout,
 Cursed amateur's ambition!
 Fly nose and mosquito snout,
 Each is a true musician!

The Clever Ones.

Sans souci, we thus do call
 These creatures gaily dancing;
 Our feet no longer go at all,
 So on our heads we're prancing.

The Awkward Ones.

Many titbits erewhile did we abstract,
 God help us! That is done now!
 Our shoes are danced quit through,—in fact
 Upon naked soles we run now!

Will-o'-the-wisps.

From the marshes we arrive,
 Where we long time were growing;
 Yet in the dance we look alive,
 As sparkling gallants glowing.

Shooting-Star.

Swiftly shot I from on high,
 While star and fire-glow grace me;
 Oddly in the grass I lie:
 Who on my feet will place me?

The Solid Ones.

Come, make room! And round about!
 The grasses down they trample;
 Spirits come, aye, spirits too,
 Who have limbs plump and ample.

Puck.

Step not in such o'erfed way,
 Like calves with elephant-feature!
 Plump alone upon this day
 Be Puck, the brawny creature !

Ariel.

If loving Nature did provide,
 Or Mind, your airy pinion,
 Be my slightest track your guide
 To th' rosehill, my dominion.

Orchestra, (Pianissimo.)

Mists that float, and clouds that speed,
 Above are glowing brightly,
 Air in foliage, wind in reed,
 And all has vanished lightly.



DREARY DAY.

Field.

Faust. *Mephistopheles.*

Faust.

In misery! Despairing! Dwelling in wretchedness upon the earth! Straying from place to place, and now imprisoned! Thrown as a criminal into a dungeon, and abandoned to fearful tortures, that dear, unhappy being! That it should come to this, to this!—

Treacherous, contemptible spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me!—Stand then, stand! Roll thy devilish eyes angrily in thy head! Stand, and defy me with thine intolerable presence!

Imprisoned! In irreparable misery! Delivered up to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeeling humanity!

And me, meanwhile, thou hast soothed with absurd dissipations, hast hid from me her ever-increasing wretchedness, and left her to go helpless to destruction!

Mephistopheles.

She is not the first!

Faust.

Cur! Abominable monster!—Change him, thou Infinite Spirit, change the worm again into his canine form in which he often in nightly sport gambolled around me, rolled beneath the feet of the harmless wanderer, and then grasped him, when stumbling, by the throat! Change him again to that shape, so preferred by him, that he may crawl on his belly in the dust before me, that I may spurn him with my foot, the Reprobate!—Not the first! Woe! Woe, not to be comprehended by any human soul, that more than one being should be plunged into the depths of such misery, that the first in its writhing death-agony under the eyes of the Ever-Forgiving One did not atone for the guilt of all others! The wretchedness of this *one* stirs through my veins and life; thou grinnest calmly at the fate of thousands!

Mephistopheles.

Now we are once more at the boundary of our wits, there, where you mortals begin to run mad!

Why dost thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou art too weak to go through with it? Wilt thou soar, yet art not proof against dizziness? Did we force ourselves upon thee, or thou thyself upon us?

Faust.

Gnash not thou thy voracious fangs at me! It disgusts me! Grand, sublime Spirit, who thought me worthy to behold Thy Presence, Thou, who knowest my heart and my soul, why fetter me to that villain, who rejoices in harm, and who gloats over ruin?

Mephistopheles.

Hast thou finished?

Faust.

Save her, or woe unto thee! The most horrible curse be upon thee for thousands of years!

Mephistopheles.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger, nor withdraw his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I, or thou?

(Faust looks around wildly.)

Art thou grasping after the thunder? Well it is, that to you contemptible mortals it was not given! To crush the innocent respondent, that is the manner of tyrants who wish to relieve themselves of difficulties!

Faust.

Bring me to her! She shall be free!

Mephistopheles.

And the danger to which thou exposest thyself? Know, that blood-guilt, caused by thy hand, still rests upon that town. Over the place where the deed was done, hover avenging spirits and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

Faust.

That, also, from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Lead me to her, I say, and liberate her!

Mephistopheles.

I will lead thee, and listen: this I can do! Have I all the power in Heaven and on Earth? The jailor's senses I will cloud; possess thyself of the keys, and lead her forth with mortal hands! I will keep watch, the magic steeds are ready, I will carry you off! So much can I do!

Faust.

Up, and away!



NIGHT, OPEN FIELD.

Faust, Mephistopheles, tearing past on black horses.

Faust.

What weave they around the raven-stone?

Mephistopheles.

I know not what they are cooking or doing.

Faust.

Soaring up, sweeping down, bending, descending.

Mephistopheles.

A witches' - throng.

Faust.

They 're vowing and sowing.

Mephistopheles.

Pass on! Pass on!



PRISON.

*Faust.**(With a bunch of keys, and a lamp, before an iron door.)*

How grasps me now a long-unwonted trembling,
 Mankind's collected woe grasps hold of me.
 She dwells behind these walls so damp and crumbling,
 And all her crime was fond credulity!
 Dost hesitate now, so near her?
 Dost thou fear to see, to hear her?
 On! Thy reluctance hastens fate's decree.

(He seizes the lock. Singing is heard inside.)

My mother, the harlot,
 Who has killed me!
 My father, the rogue,
 Who has eaten me!
 My sister alone
 Took up each bone,
 And laid them in cool clay;
 Then I changed to a pretty wood bird free;
 Fly away! Fly away!

*Faust.**(Unlocking the door.)*

She little thinks her lover lists in pain,
 And hears the rustling straw, the clanging chain.

*(He enters.)**Margaret.**(Concealing herself in the straw.)*

Woe! Woe! They come! Oh, death of bitterness!

Faust, (in a whisper.)

Hush, hush! I come from prison to bear thee.

Margaret, (prostrating herself before him.)

Art thou a man, then feel for my distress!

Faust.

Restrain thy cries, lest sleeping jailors hear thee!

(He grasps the chains to unlock them.)

Margaret, (upon her knees.)

Who, headsman, unto thee such power

Over me could give?

Why com'st for me at midnight hour?

Have mercy on me, let me live!

Is 't not full soon when the morn draws nigh?

(She rises up.)

I'm yet so young, so young am I!

And death pursuing!

Fair was I, too, and that was my undoing.

Near was the friend, now he is far;

Torn lies the wreath, the flowers scattered are.

Grasp me not so rudely!

Spare me! What have I done to thee?

Be my prayer no vain endeavor,

In all my days I never saw thee, never!

Faust.

Shall I outlive this anguish ever!

Margaret.

I am now wholly in thy might.

But let me nurse my babe unheeding;

I have caressed it all this night—

—For spite they took 't, nor heard my pleading,

And now they say I killed it in my fright,

And ne'er again shall I be gay.

They make vile songs on me—'t is bad of folk to try it—

An old tale closes thus, they say;

Who bade them so apply it?

Faust, (throws himself down.)

To freedom he, who kneels before thee,

From thraldom's woe would fain restore thee.

Margaret, (throws herself beside him.)

Oh, let us kneel, to call the Righteous yonder!

Behold! The stairway under,

Under the threshold coiling,
 Hell heaves, boiling!
 The Devil,
 In fury appalling,
 Holds noisy revel!

Faust, (aloud.)

Margaret! Margaret!

Margaret, (attentively.)

That was my lover calling!

(She springs up, the chains fall off.)

Where is he? I've heard his accents tender.
 I am free! None my steps shall hinder.
 To his neck will I fly,
 On his bosom lie!
 He called: Margaret!—At the threshold yonder
 He stood. Through the midst of hell's howling and thunder,
 Through the relentless, devilish sneer,
 Discerned I the sweet, loving voice full of cheer.

Faust.

'T is I!

Margaret.

'T is thou! Oh, say it once again!

(Clasping him.)

'T is he! 'T is he! Where is now all my pain?
 The fear the dungeon, the fetters gave me?
 'T is thou! Thou comest to save me!
 I am saved!—Again once more the street is near,
 Where for the first time I did see thee, dear,
 And the garden in full flower,
 Where I and Martha await the hour.

Faust, (endeavoring to go.)

Come! Come with me!

Margaret.

Remain now!

I remain so gladly when thou remainest!

(Caresses him.)

Faust.

Again now:
Away! If flight thou disdainest,
Most bitterly we both will rue it.

Margaret.

No kiss? Canst no more do it?
Scarce gone, my friend, and now returned,
And hast kissing unlearned?
What fears oppress my heart here on thy breast,
When all thy words and glances were decreeing
Erewhile to me a perfect heaven of rest,
And thou didst kiss me as thou wouldst stifle my being?
Kiss thou me!
Or I kiss thee!

(She embraces him.)

Oh woe! Thy lips are cold,
Are silent quite.
Where doth thy love
Now rove?
Who wrought me this despite?

(She turns away from him.)

Faust.

Come! Follow me! Darling, be more bold!
I'll fondle thee with zeal a thousand-fold;
But follow me! I ask thee only this!

Margaret, (turning toward him.)

And is it thou? And thou it surely is?

Faust.

'T is I! Oh, come!

Margaret.

Thou didst unloose this chain,
And tak'st me in thy lap again.
How comes it, that thou dost not shrink from me?—
And knowest thou then, my friend, whom thou wouldst free?

Faust.

Come! Come! The night grows late and chill.

Margaret.

My darling mother did I kill,
 I've drowned my babe—ah me!
 Was it not given to me and thee?
 Thee, too,—'t is thou! Is't true, this bliss?
 Give me thy hand! No dream it is!
 Thy own, dear hand!—Alas, but it is wet!
 Quick, wipe it off! I can't forget
 That blood's thereon.
 Oh God! What hast thou done!
 Sheathe thou thy ready sword;
 I pray thee, hear!

Faust.

Let the Past its own past deeds record,
 Thou'lt kill me, dear.

Margaret.

Nay, thou must stay behind us!
 I will name the graves thou must find us,
 Which thou must prepare for
 To-morrow, and care for;
 The best place give to my mother,
 And right at her side my brother,
 Me a little away,
 Only not too far, I pray!
 And the little one close on my right breast.
 None else will rest there, sleeping!—
 To thy side closely, fondly creeping,
 That was a most sweet, most gracious bliss!
 But now no longer can I attain it.
 Forced seems my love, as if I did feign it,
 As if thou repellest mine every kiss.
 And yet 't is thou, and look'st so good, so mild.

Faust.

Dost feel 't is I? Then come, my child!

Margaret.

Come? Where?

Faust.

To freedom.

Margaret.

Is the grave there,
 Waits death for me, then come!
 From here to the eternal resting place,
 No further step will I!—
 —Thou leav'st me now? Oh Henry, could I fly!

Faust.

Thou canst! If thou but wilt! The door stands open.

Margaret.

I may not go; naught can I gain in hoping.
 What use to fly? They waylay every step!
 'T is a hapless fate, as beggar to wander,
 With an evil conscience, disgraced by slander!
 So sad to roam abroad, by all forsaken,
 And still I should be overtaken!

Faust.

I remain with thee!

Margaret.

Be quick! On! On!
 Save thy poor little one!
 Away! Along the bank
 Of yonder creek,
 Across the plank,
 Through the forest near,
 To the left, where stands the beam
 In the lake!
 Quick, take it, take!
 To rise 't is trying,
 It struggles yet!
 Save it! Save it!

Faust.

Bethink thee, pet!
 One only step, and thou art free!

Margaret.

If past the mountain we could be!
 There sits my mother upon a stone—
 The crown of my head doth shiver—
 There sits my mother upon a stone,

See, how her head doth quiver!
 She beckons not, nods not, her heavy head shakes,
 She has slept so long, no more she wakes.
 She slept while we were enjoying:
 What hours of blissful toying!

Faust.

As neither word nor prayer doth sway thee,
 My arms to freedom shall convey thee.

Margaret.

Let me go! No, I will suffer no force!
 Grasp me not with such murderous zest!
 Yielded I not all, once, at love's behest?

Faust.

The day dawns! Darling! Darling!

Margaret.

Day? Yes, it is day! The last day comes with the dawn;
 It was to be my wedding morn!
 Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret.
 Woe to my garland, woe!
 But to sorrow is vain!
 We shall meet once again,
 But not at the dance—oh no!
 The crowd is pushing; voiceless they stand;
 The square and the alleys
 Scarce hold the throng as it rallies;
 The death-knell tolls, broken is the wand.
 How they are binding and lashing!
 On the blood-stool am I roughly thrown!
 At every neck gleams flashing
 The edge, that flashes at my own ——!
 —Dumb lies the world as the grave.

Faust.

Oh! Had I never been born!

Mephistopheles, (appears outside.)

Up! Or you are lost at morn!
 Valueless ling'ring, delaying and praying!
 My horses are neighing,
 The break of day is near.

Margaret.

Up from the ground what rises here?
He! He! Send him away!
In this sacred spot why should *he* stay?
He seeks me!

Faust.

Thou shalt live!

Margaret.

Judgment of God! Myself to thee I give!

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

Come! Come! Or I'll forsake both her and thee.

Margaret.

Thine am I, Father! Rescue me!
Ye angels, heavenly hosts, befriend me,
Camp around, from wrath to defend me!—
Henry! I shudder at thee!

Mephistopheles.

She is judged!

Voice, (from above.)

She is saved!

Mephistopheles, (to Faust.)

Hither to me!

(Disappears with Faust.)

Voice, (from inside, dying away.)

Henry! Henry!



